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(See Page 47)

VOL. 50 NO. 2

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(see page 40)

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EDITOR'S PAGE

BLOOD-BROTHERS IN CHRIST

DID you get a copy of last month's issue of THE CROSS? You did? Good. Now—an altogether different question—did you read it? Yes. That's excellent, because, you see, we had it printed not just because we wanted you to buy it but because we wanted you to read it. We do hope you read one particular article in that issue. It dealt with Confirmation and was called "The Growing-Up Sacrament." The author stressed and stressed again the glorious fact that we are all members of one great Mystical Body, and that the head of that body is Christ. We belong to one another intimately because we belong intimately to Christ—because, in fact, every one of us is a part of the total Christ. If you re-read the "Growing-Up Sacrament," you'll see the practical implications of this in your day-to-day Catholic living. You'll see that your responsibilities, as confirmed Catholics, are as wide as the world, and as numerous as the souls to be helped and saved.

From time to time, we get pathetic reminders of the fact that others really do depend on us, their blood-brothers in the Mystical Body. One such reminder came recently from Monsignor Bela Varga, chairman of the Hungarian Committee with headquarters in New York. He begged for prayers for those behind the Iron Curtain. "I was in prison, so I know," explained the Monsignor. "Pray, pray, pray. If they knew we are still praying for them, for the strengthening of their faith, the faith of our oppressed brothers—it would mean so much. I was in prison, and I came to realise that oppression is tolerable only if you know that others haven't forgotten. Only if you know that they're speaking for you, that they're praying for you. Otherwise, you go insane." There we have a Catholic priest pleading with his Catholic brethren the world over that they should show their practical belief in the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Body. When all else has been taken away, spiritual support is what is needed most by the victims of tyranny.

BUT let's look for a moment at the other side of the picture—at those sectors of humanity wherein a living belief in the Mystical Body has been set at naught. Quite obviously the advocates of what has come to be known as the 'colour bar' belong to those bleak sectors. It is surely significant that the colour problem is most intense in America's Deep South (the great Protestant Bible Belt), and, in South Africa, among members of the Dutch Reformed Church. That hard, grim spirituality, that cold asceticism which the inordinate pursuit of wealth demands—these things blind men to the fact that we are all redeemed by God, all members of Christ Who was and is the Good Shepherd—a Shepherd of black sheep and white. The right attitude to men of every race is, as it were, instinctive in people of deep Catholic faith. Amongst them there is a charity which cannot be copied.

A colour problem hardly arised in Ireland because our coloured folk are so few. But amongst us there are present other indications that we do not always look upon one another as blood-brothers in Christ. This failure can explain—at least in part—our often strained employer-labour relations, for conflict in this field cannot be explained in terms of economics alone. It can also explain the strange 'segregation complex' that afflicts the lady who would not dream of going to her parish mission—"but, of course, I always send my maid."

To appreciate the doctrine of the Mystical Body is to realise that, in the last analysis, there are neither rich nor poor, neither learned nor unlettered, but immortal souls redeemed by a Saviour Who promised Heaven even to a Thief.

FATHER DERMOT, C.P.

PLEASE SAY A MASS !

REV. E. L. SADLOWSKI has
telling things to say about
the Mass—and about having it
offered

FATHER, please say a Mass !” This simple request, although very common and very Catholic, often seems to be accompanied by shyness, embarrassment and sometimes confusion. Too, considering the relatively few Masses requested in comparison to the number of people in the average parish, not to mention the intentions requested apart from the Masses for the dead, apparently many Catholics have failed to grasp the great value and importance of the Mass as a prayer.

Why have Masses said ? These few words best answer this question : because it is the greatest prayer. In fact, it is the only prayer which is completely pleasing and satisfactory to God. It is greater by far than all the rosaries ever recited, than all the novenas ever made, than all other prayers ever said. Every prayer derives its efficacy from Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, and hence from the Mass.

IT can be said without any qualification whatsoever that there is no better way to pray. The Church herself says : “ There can be no other work so holy and so divine performed by the faithful than the celebration of the Eucharistic Sacrifice.” A short reflection on the nature of the Mass and its fruits will show why this is true.

First, the Mass is the perfect prayer : it is the God-man praying to God ; it is Christ the Son praying to God the Father ; it is the continuation of Christ's prayer, the sacrifice of the Cross, through which all graces come to man. In fact, today, all graces come to man through the Mass. It is the perfect prayer, the perfect sacrifice, the one prayer that is completely pleasing to God.

SECOND, it is the official prayer of the Church, the spouse of Christ. Whenever Mass is said, it is not simply Father So-and-So saying a prayer for someone ; the particular priest is the official representative of the Church ; when Mass is said, it is the whole Church at prayer. The Mass is not for the private devotion of the priest—it is sinful for him to change a single word of the ritual of the Mass ; the Mass is an official act of the Church, a prayer of the whole Church.

Third, regarding the fruits or benefits of the Mass. Certain fruits of the Mass, it is true, accrue to the whole Church. It is true, too, that certain fruits accrue to the priest who is the celebrant of the Mass, which fruits he cannot transfer to anyone else. Likewise, those present at Mass, the servers, the choir, the congregation, receive certain benefits from the Mass. But in every Mass there are special fruits or benefits which accrue for the intention for which the Mass is said.

THIS is called the propitiatory and impetratory fruit of the Mass. It is imparted to those for whom the priest, in a special manner, celebrates Holy Mass. The law of the Church requires that every priest offer every Mass for such an intention. It is the privilege of anyone at all to request that a Mass be said for his particular intention.

Generally speaking, it appears some people consider having Masses said only for departed relatives or friends. Such thinking, again, betrays a lack of appreciation of the nature and value of the Mass as a prayer. If you bear in mind that the Mass is unqualifiedly the greatest prayer, the prayer most pleasing to God, the best possible way to obtain graces and other favours, it necessarily follows that you will want to have Masses celebrated not only for your departed loved ones but also for the living, for yourself in particular. In a general way, it can be stated that whatever can legitimately be the intention of private prayer, can and should be the intention for which Masses are offered.

UNFORTUNATELY it is rather rare for a priest to receive a request to say a Mass for a *truly spiritual* favour, for example, to grow in a particular virtue, to overcome some vice or bad habit, the grace to resist certain temptations. The person who is really serious about growing in perfection, about developing

virtue, about becoming a saint, will not only attend frequently but will also have Masses said for such intentions because the Mass is certainly the most effective means of obtaining God's graces.

Neither should people be hesitant about having Masses said for temporal favours. God has asked that we regard Him as our Father; He is interested in our wants and difficulties. It is entirely becoming that Masses be offered for temporal favours, good health, solution of financial difficulties, family peace, success in business ventures, etc.

Sound Catholic doctrine demands that we pray for others; for such things as their conversion, for repentance, return to the Church or to the sacraments; likewise for their temporal welfare. All of these things are legitimate and proper intentions for Mass.

THE one time some Catholics do have Masses said is on the occasion of the death of a relative or friend. However, it might be well in this regard to take a clue from the Church's thinking on the matter, namely, to have Masses said one month after the death or burial of a person, called the Month's Mind, and thereafter at least on each anniversary of the death.

Low Mass or High Mass? Catholics seem to be of the opinion that a Mass is a Mass; after all, every Mass is infinite in merit; so what is the difference between a Low Mass and a High Mass? Why not five Low Masses rather than one High Mass? In answer to such questions, here is what one famous author on the Mass has to say: "A High Mass . . . has greater value and efficacy than a Low Mass." And in another place: "This grandeur and more solemn celebration of the Sacrifice is more acceptable to God and, therefore, better calculated to prevail upon Him to grant us, in His mercy, the favours we implore—that is, to impart greater efficacy to the petitions and supplications of the Church."

It seems clear then, that the more solemn the celebration, the more likely the Mass is to be efficacious with regard to the petitions; thus a High Mass is more efficacious than a Low Mass, a Solemn High Mass than a High Mass, and a Pontifical Mass than a Solemn High Mass.

HOW much for a Mass? "How much will that be, Father?" are questions most embarrassing to the priest simply because the Mass *costs nothing*. No charge or fee can be made for a Mass. The custom of making an offering or stipend for a Mass dates back to the earliest days of the Church. In the early Church, the faithful brought their gifts of bread, wine and other offerings, from which the priest used what was needed for Mass. The surplus went for the support of the Church,

for the poor, and for the priest's own support. As time went on, the faithful came to make money offerings to the priest. This stipend is intended as a part of the priest's support. How much should it be? Whatever the person wishes to offer. (In many dioceses, a minimum stipend is fixed).

A little side reflection comes to mind in this connection. The custom of having Masses said for a departed relative or friend rather than of sending flowers is certainly more appreciated by the average Catholic. And you know what a bouquet costs.

The offering one is expected to make for a Mass is not something predetermined like a doctor's or attorney's fee, not like the price set for an article in a store. It is something to be determined by the person himself, depending on his financial circumstances and on his faith. There is no such thing as a bargain in Masses.

In receiving Holy Communion, or the other sacraments, in saying rosaries or other prayers, the amount of grace or God's favour received depends much on the disposition of the person praying. Likewise regarding the fruits of the Mass, much depends on the dispositions of the person requesting the Mass. If the person's faith is sincere and his appreciation of the Mass deep, his offering will be commensurate to these dispositions.

If special considerations enter into the matter of having a Mass said, such as having the Mass said on a certain day, of having the Mass announced, such considerations should be taken into account in determining the amount of the stipend.

MOST of all, no one should be embarrassed by the fact that he is, so to speak, in a poorer class and cannot afford what he considers a suitable stipend. Any priest will be happy to offer Mass for anyone's intentions regardless of the amount of the stipend.

Points to Remember:

1. Do not hesitate to approach the priest to request a Mass. A priest is a person who offers sacrifice. A Catholic priest offers the Sacrifice of the Mass. He expects people to make such requests.
2. Plan ahead. If the Mass is to be said on a certain date, *e.g.*, an anniversary, approach the priest in plenty of time.
3. Do not request, ordinarily at least, that a Mass be said on a Sunday or holyday. Pastors are obliged by law to offer Mass for their parishioners on these days.
4. Do not confine yourself to having Masses said only for the dead. Ask for the temporal and spiritual favours you want or need.
5. Do not embarrass yourself and the priest by asking "How much?" Make an offering commensurate with your income and your faith.

With PATRICK FAHY you'll agree that the

MEN CAN'T HOLD A CANDLE

to the women—

when it comes to the service
of God

I WOULD be the very last person to oppose the feminine view that any woman is as good as any man—and better than most. For one thing, I am a married man, and for another, the aspect of the Battle of the Sexes I wish to write about is devotion to religious duties. And I am quite sure I will be joined by a strong male chorus when I say that from this aspect—and I don't deny that there may be many other aspects—the men can't hold a candle to the women.

Nor, I hasten to add, is this an original discovery of mine. The "Missioners," that shrewd band of keen psychologists, have discovered this many moons ago. I've attended, in a vicarious fashion, many Women's Missions in my time, and I've yet to find one that resembles in any way a Men's Mission. Like the rest of my unfortunate gender, I've been thundered at by Redemptorists, reasoned with by Jesuits, been regarded with merciful affection by Passionists and with patient resignation by Franciscans. I've listened to sermons on Death, Justice, Pride and that "*very special* sermon" which, for some obscure reason, is generally delivered on the Wednesday night. Therefore, I have some reason for saying that no Women's Mission ever resembled any Retreat that any man ever attended.

THE theme of them all is the same:
"Next week is the Men's Week, it is up

to you, ladies, To Get the Men Out To Their Mission." That is the first concern. At least so I have been informed—many times—by unimpeachable female sources. There is, I am sure, much more to the proceedings than this, but it is not for the ears of carnal men-folk. There is a mystic glow of sweet saintliness emanating from those female ascetics who leap lightly from their beds for half-six Mass. It gives the impression that it would be fractured by the breath of vulgar male curiosity.

I am quite sure, if I were giving a Retreat (as a boy my ambition to be a Missioner was outshone only by the dazzling dream of becoming a Dock Policeman), I wouldn't know what to say during the Women's Week. Ordinary observation shows that the average housewife has a very sound grasp indeed of what constitutes proper religious observance. She is the last word on: (1) What You Can Eat During Lent; (2) Whether Tomorrow is a Fast Day; and (3) Whose Sodality it is Next Sunday. She knows more about the lives of the saints than many hagiographers and can tell you without hesitation the correct Saint to pray to in any given set of circumstances.

ABOVE and beyond all this she is the backbone of the Perpetual Novena and the Holy Hour. When the Family Rosary has been completed under her critical guidance she may even go off to the Church Rosary. Ever and always she is a living reproach to her slothful menfolk. We all know the husband who pauses bashfully just inside the Church door, then drops his cap to the floor and puts one knee gingerly on it, and in this Yogi-like posture prepares to hear Mass. And we all know, too, the wife that brushes past this shambling figure, and marches, with head held high, to the very front seat, complete with large Missal and a mighty Rosary Beads.

It mustn't be taken from this very true picture that I am indulging in that good-



"The female ascetic who leaps lightly from her bed for the half-six Mass . . ."

natured gibing at her sanctity which is often the only refuge left to masculine pride.

What I've said really needs no saying. All of us, priests and laity, know whose firm voice guided us in the direction of the straight and narrow path and whose voice even more firmly kept us there. More than enough men are prepared to expound theology and theories to their hearts' content, but we all know where we learned to practice what we preached.

WHICH is why I approach my next point with considerable trepidation. For, after exalting them to the skies, I find I must bring my female paragons gently back again to earth.

Some years ago an old-fashioned female gossip was giving forth placidly about my unheeding ears (we men don't gossip—we have discussions). Suddenly I heard a Saint's name mentioned and his merits and demerits debated with the same dispassionate judgment that would be accorded to a new brand of soap powder. And the final verdict was given against him with full severity: "Anyway, he let me down badly and I

wasn't long in letting him know it either!"

I know a very good-living lady, much given to prayer and good works. She is what is known as "a great prayer" and her Missal is distended to twice its original size by Novena leaflets and special prayers. She has a very great devotion to the Little Flower and a precious picture of the Saint, taken with her father, holds pride of place in the lady's kitchen. Yet, there was an occasion when that honoured picture was hung with its face to the wall. In astonishment I asked the reason for this dire punishment. A severe expression crossed the gentle, well-loved face and lips were pursed. "I'm not speaking to her; she let me down badly."

PERHAPS you see why I have made my point by illustration rather than by bald statement? It is because the fault, if fault it is, is a difficult one to put plainly. One can say that women lack a certain reverence in their approach to supernatural things—but how can such wondrous familiarity be described as mere lack of reverence?

It is rather the familiarity of the faithful retainer which the Lord of the House accepts as from a privileged person, while the same conduct from others would be greeted with frozen displeasure.

And perhaps in this last simile we have reached, at last, the true nature of women's worship. Like the faithful servant, she gives willingly of her time, her energy and her money (as many a Missionary Burse will testify). More, she gives her sons and daughters and trains them unwearyingly in the service of her Lord. But she is not to be expected to do all this without voicing her own opinion from time to time.

The great Teresa of Avila, while fording a fast-running river, felt the vehicle, in which she was travelling, being tilted over, casting her into the water. The great Reformer, already sorely tried by the difficulties of her life's mission, gathered her sodden robes about her with dignity and remarked audibly and with acerbity, "If this is the way You treat Your friends, is it any wonder you have so few of them?"

I may not have the details of the story correctly. I am telling it from memory. But sketchily, as it is told, it reassures us about one thing:

Even the greatest female saints are still women to the heart's core. God bless them!



FORUM OF THE PASSION—CONDUCTED BY FR. CYRIL, C.P.

STRENGTH THROUGH WEAKNESS

FR. Joachim suppressed a smile as he introduced the second speaker to the members of to-night's Forum meeting. "I'm sure you were all expecting his Lordship the Bishop or Fr. Mel here to speak next," he said, "but you're wrong. The second speaker is coming over to address us now." All heads turned in the direction of the priest's glance and there was a general murmur of surprise as the parishioners saw old Tom Murphy sitting calmly in his invalid chair as his brother wheeled him over to the speakers' table.

The older parishioners knew all about Tom. He was a son of old Pat Murphy who had died a few years ago. In his last year at school, Tom had fallen a victim to polio and had lost the power of his legs: for over thirty years now he had been a helpless invalid. He was a general favourite with these people who had watched him cheerfully and patiently adjust himself to the heavy cross he was carrying: the village children were sure of a sweet when they ran over to his wheel-chair. But he was about the last person in the parish whom anyone would have expected to hear addressing the Forum meeting.

"What a pleasure it was," he began, "to hear Miss Callaghan describing for us the privileges and the responsibilities of a confirmed Catholic, of a grown up son or daughter of Almighty God, in the Church and in the world of today. She has painted for us a wonderful picture of the true, loyal soldier of Christ in the thick of the battle, forgetful of self and gloriously dedicated to the cause of Christ. You're probably all wondering why an old creak like me should have been chosen to follow on. Well soldiers do get wounded sometimes in battle; sometimes even, their loyalty is tested more when they're helpless prisoners than when they're riding to the charge with the crash of martial music in their ears and the scent of battle all around them. And maybe it's a good thing that Fr. Joachim should have asked me to point out to you another side of

the strength that Confirmation brings and of the battles it sometimes wins.

"There's no doubt about it. We're all called on to fight and to struggle for the salvation of our own souls, and for the souls of others. But at times that fight and struggle have to be carried on in a different way from what we might have expected. You remember when the arrest party, made up of Jews and Roman soldiers, came to Gethsemane on Holy Thursday night to make Our Lord a prisoner and to lead Him to His sufferings and Death, you remember how the Apostles appealed to Our Saviour and asked Him: 'Lord shall we smite with the sword?' And you remember how St. Peter, so loyal and devoted to the Master but still so impetuous, didn't even wait to hear Our Lord's answer. His sword was out at once flashing in the light of the flaming torches and in an instant Malchus, an important member of the arrest party, had his ear severed from his head.

"Our Lord hastened to make sure his other Apostles wouldn't follow Peter's example: pointing to His enemies who stood there with their clubs and swords and ropes, He said to the Apostles: 'Bear with them thus far.' Then He turned to rebuke Peter: 'Put back thy sword into its place; for all those who take the sword will perish by the sword. Shall I not drink the cup that the Father has given me?'

"Poor Peter! How bewildered he and the other Apostles must have felt! They were all brave enough as long as they could grasp their swords in their hands and prepare to sell their lives dearly. But now that Our Lord has as it were disarmed them, they waver, they're seized with panic, and finally they take to flight leaving their Master alone to face His enemies. And the Saviour makes no attempt to save Himself, now or at any time during the long hours of His sufferings. He is bound with ropes; He is led wherever His enemies wish to take Him. He is slandered, mocked, spat upon, struck in the face; He is whipped like a slave; He is condemned to death.

"Why did Our Saviour act in this way during His Sacred Passion? It wasn't that He ceased even for a moment to be the all-powerful Son of God: at the very sound of His voice in Gethsemane, the arrest party drew back in fear and fell trembling to the ground. But during His Sacred Passion, Our Lord veiled His power and majesty, and chose to save the world and win men's hearts by His uncomplaining acceptance of suffering and death, because this was His Father's Will: 'Shall I not drink the cup that the Father has given me?' The Saviour's meekness, humility, self-forgetfulness, forgiveness in the face of inhuman torments—the cup of His Sacred Passion, was God's way of showing us that His love and the love of His Son for each one of us is something stronger than death. It was God's way of giving the lie once and for all to the convenient catchword that 'Might is right'; for the Sacred Passion shows us that might is often wrong. And finally God wanted us to see through the Sufferings of His Son that we must learn to overcome and conquer and control ourselves before we try to win others for Him; that a true soldier of Christ doesn't bully or brag or brow-beat; that a grown up son or daughter of God must be above petty spite and malice and hatred and revenge.

"After the Resurrection, CONFIRMED by the gifts of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost, made strong with the STRENGTH OF CHRIST'S PASSION, the Apostles were to remember the example of the Master; they were to become living likenesses of Him in His Sufferings; they were to use the weapons which He had used to conquer the world. Throwing away the swords which had once meant so much to them, they were to face persecution, calumny, scourging and martyrdom, rejoicing all the time that they had been 'counted worthy to suffer dishonour' for Christ and His cause.

"Many years ago, when I was recovering from polio and had realised at last that I would never walk again, the whole world seemed to collapse about me. You see I had wanted to be a priest and to go out into any part of the world where I'd be taken, and help to save souls for Our Lord. Now of course all hope of that was gone. I couldn't help even in the ordinary parish activities as a layman. Worse still, it began to come home to me that I wouldn't be able to work to support myself: for the rest of my life I was going to be a burden on my family—not that they ever gave me cause to think of it in that way. Then came all the embarrassments of being an invalid—of having to depend on others so many times a day, of having to be looked at and even stared at when I was wheeled out in my chair. Lastly came the temptations to doubt—to doubt if God really knew or cared

when a sparrow fell to the ground; to doubt if the very hairs of my head were numbered. Throughout the long idle days and sometimes into the sleepless nights the rebellious thoughts kept recurring, no matter what I did to drive them away. Why had God not accepted my wholehearted dedication of myself to His service? Why had He left me like this, unable to do anything for myself, a constant burden on others?

"Then one day Fr. Bruno came to my home to give me Holy Communion. I remember well it was a First Friday. After Confession, I spoke to him about my constant temptations to doubt. He didn't seem a bit surprised; he didn't lecture me or find fault with me as I had half-expected he would. Instead he told me that such attacks against my faith were not my fault: they were to be expected in the first days of finding myself a cripple. He urged me to keep my Crucifix always at hand; to read and re-read the Gospels, especially where they describe Our Lord's Sufferings and Death; and finally to have great confidence in the GRACE OF MY CONFIRMATION.

"With new heart, I took Father's advice, and gradually the truth began to dawn on me. I began to realise that my sickness wasn't a sign that God had no interest in me and wasn't looking after me. Slow as I had been to realise it, I could see now that God was actually treating me as a favourite younger brother of His Own Divine Son; He was inviting me to grow up into a LIVING IMAGE of His Son at the greatest moment of His earthly life. God was inviting me like St. Paul to be 'nailed to the Cross' with Christ, to 'bear the markings of Jesus in my body.'

"Then came the greatest joy of all. I began to grasp the fact that I COULD STILL BE AN APOSTLE OF SOULS. Our Lord's greatest work in the saving of souls was done when he hung a helpless, suffering prisoner on the Cross. By offering up my sufferings in union with His, I could carry on His work. This was just what St. Paul had meant when he wrote to his converts, telling them: 'I rejoice in my sufferings on your behalf, and MAKE UP IN MY FLESH WHAT IS LACKING TO THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST, ON BEHALF OF HIS BODY WHICH IS THE CHURCH.' As long as souls are to be saved, they can be saved only by the Cross. Helping to save souls, our own and those of others, means not only working with and for Our Lord: it means SUFFERING WITH HIM AND FOR HIM.

"Never get the idea because you're sick or old or feeble or an invalid, that you're no longer useful to God or the world. You've only to look at your Crucifix to realise it. Veiled under the apparent weakness and helplessness of suffering is the POWER and the STRENGTH OF CHRIST'S PASSION, of those few

Continued on Page 44

KENNETH MacGOWAN writes on a

SAINT of GLENDALOUGH

St. Kevin is honoured as
Co-Patron of the Diocese of
Dublin

WHILE most people associate Glendalough with St. Kevin and are familiar with the many ruins on the spot where the Saint once lived, few are aware of the varied legends connected with this great saint whose Feastday occurs on June 3.

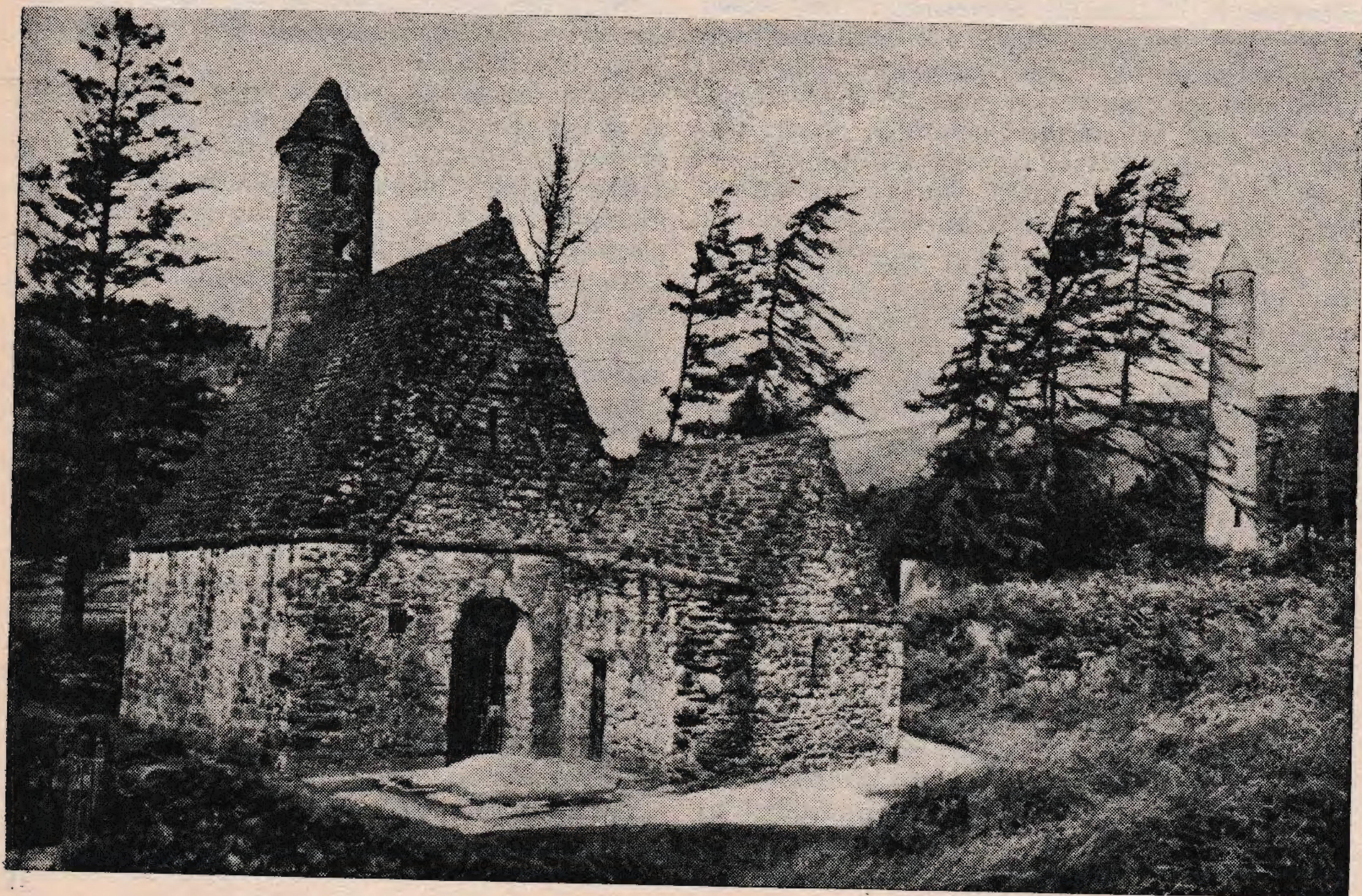
Kevin was born about the year 500, but there are conflicting views on how old he was when he died. Some indicate that he lived to be more than a hundred. He belonged to a family of high rank, his father being a descendant of the King of Leinster and his mother being the daughter of the Chief of the Dal Cormac.

It is recorded that when Kevin was brought to be baptised, an angel appeared in the form of a beautiful youth who enquired where they were carrying the child, and on being told to the font, he breathed upon the

infant and called him Kevin, which means the fair-begotten.

WHEN old enough, Kevin was put mind-ing sheep on the hillsides, just as Patrick had done a century earlier. One day as he watched his flocks, some poor men came to him and said "Have pity on us, holy Kevin." The boy was so touched by their poverty that he gave them four sheep—but when evening came and the sheep were counted, it was found that the number had not decreased.

Kevin showed signs of great sanctity and a capacity for learning and his parents sent him to a holy man named Petroc to be educated. This was St. Petroc who came to Ireland from Cornwall and who lived here for twenty years studying the Scriptures and living the life of a hermit. While Kevin was under his care, he was found praying one day by a playmate. As Kevin knelt upon the ground wrapt in contemplation with his arms outstretched, birds fluttered around his head and rested upon his arms and shoulders as if they were the branches of a tree.



ST. KEVIN'S CHAPEL AND ROUND TOWER

[Photo : Bórd Fáilte]

When Petroc returned to Cornwall, Kevin was placed under the guidance of his paternal uncle St. Eogain (Patron of the Diocese of Derry) who with two other holy men named Lochan and Enna had founded a Monastic School at Kilnamanagh in Co. Wicklow.

WHEN Eogain felt the call to return to the North of Ireland to preach the Gospel there, he arranged for Kevin to succeed him as superior, but young Kevin fearing this post of responsibility, fled to the valley of Glendalough. It had always been his desire to isolate himself completely from his fellow creatures, so that he might be alone for prayer and contemplation, and the glen of the two lakes was an excellent spot in which to live as a hermit.

For many years Kevin lived in the deserted glen, completely undisturbed except for the song of birds and the singing of wind through the trees. It is said that he was fed by angels or lived entirely on herbs and water from the lakes. But Kevin's strange retreat was accidentally discovered by a herdsman named By when he followed a wandering cow. When the news of his whereabouts reached Lochan and Enna, they persuaded him, against his will, to leave Glendalough and return to the Monastery.

GENEROSITY was a marked trait of Kevin. The story is told that one Autumn day when he was helping to prepare food and drink for the harvesters at work in the fields of the Monastery, a number of pilgrims arrived and begged Kevin, in God's name, to give them some food as they had not eaten for many hours. He fed them all and was severely reprimanded by Lochan, but Kevin filled the empty vessels with water and gathered the bones left after the meal and prayed fervently. In response to his prayers he found that the water had turned into wine and the bones had meat on them. When this was made known, the monks, pilgrims and harvesters all knelt down and prayed and glorified God. For three days there was sufficient meat and wine for all.

Kevin again decided to return to Glendalough, but on the way he called at the Monastery governed by St. Ligid. There he remained until he was ordained and then went with some others to build their cells.



[By courtesy : "Extension", Chicago]

Kevin founded a Monastery in the deep and secluded valley at Luggellaw, near Lough Tay. There many of his friends joined him, but soon after he left once more for Glendalough and brought with him some monks from Luggellaw.

UNDER his guidance the Seminary was founded in the valley at Glendalough and became famous throughout Europe. Many followers of Kevin later went to various parts of the world to spread his doctrine.

During Kevin's time it is thought there were only four Churches in Glendalough, one of which—the Church of the Rock—was Kevin's first oratory. When Kevin felt that his time on earth was drawing to a close, he called together twelve of his monks, and sent them to a place where St. Patrick had once appeared to him. There they prayed that his petition to be released from this earth be granted. On their return Kevin told them that their prayers had been heard. They were sorrowful at the thought of losing their beloved Abbot, but he consoled them, raised his hands and blessed them. After receiving the Holy Viaticum, Kevin breathed his last on June 3rd, 618. In the Irish Capital he receives special veneration as Co-Patron of the Diocese of Dublin.

ABOVE was the grey of an October sky, and the chill winds of morning that swept across the Glasgow streets carried a touch of rain upon their lips. But the stalwart priest who was being escorted under armoured guard out of the city-gates was oblivious of the cold of the day or the dullness of the atmosphere. For the greater part of his life he had ardently wished to dedicate every minute of his time to Christ and to follow in the footsteps of his Lord and Master. And well did he realise that he had already set his feet upon the *Via Dolorosa* that would lead him in the end to painful death.

BLESSED JOHN OGILVIE

yielded up his life

FOR GOD, AND SCOTLAND

BY WILMOT JOYCE

A crowd surged thick and fast about the gates of the city, and more than one insult was flung at the priest as he passed by. But Fr. John Ogilvie's eyes went far beyond the heads of the seething multitude, and his mind was busily reviewing the years that had come and gone.

It was in the spring of 1580 that John Ogilvie was born. The place of his birth was the village of Drum near Keith in Banffshire. From his earliest years he was a high-spirited lad, and had often made the neighbours' hearts tremble with fright as they watched him stand on the edge of some yawning precipice or run across the narrow parapet of a not-too-dependable bridge.

JOHN was a Scot to the marrow of his bones. Since time immemorial, the Ogilvies of Drum had tilled the coarse brown earth and grazed their flocks of sheep on the rugged mountainsides. And the boy loved his native land with a deep intensity. He loved the heather-clad slopes and mountain streams. He loved the limpid lakes and changing skies. He loved the winding lanes and the lowly dells where the fields of the little crofts lay spread out like patchwork-quilts.

Right up to the middle of the sixteenth century, his ancestors had been staunch Catholics; but in an evil hour his father, William Ogilvie, had turned his back on the truths of Christ and threw in his lot with the followers of the fanatical John Knox. Why did he do it? We cannot say for certain; but in all probability he wanted to gain both wealth and influence, and he saw his way to securing these ends by siding with the would-be reformers who were anxious not for the good of religion, but for the goods of life and the power to practise what they pleased.

JOHN, as befitted the eldest son, was sent to the mainland of Europe to finish his education; and he was not long there before he realised that, if he hoped for happiness, he must try to undo the wrong his father had done. Within a few years he was a staunch Catholic, and had made up his mind to join the ranks of the Society of Jesus.

In 1598 he applied for admittance to the Jesuit Order at Olmutz in Moravia; but his application was rejected. Nothing daunted, he journeyed to Brunn on the outskirts of Vienna and there he was received with open arms. Some fourteen years later he was ordained a priest; and no sooner was he ordained than he begged to be allowed to return to Scotland and to do his utmost to win for Christ those who had strayed from the One True Fold.

SCOTLAND was at this time deep in the thralldom of Calvinism. Mary, Queen of Scots, had indeed died for the Catholic Faith in Fotheringay Castle in the year 1587; but her son had renounced his religious birthright on the promise that he would be allowed to retain his royal prerogatives. In 1603 he became king of England, as well as of Scotland; and so absorbed did he become

the marrow of his memorial, the Ogilvies coarse brown earth of sheep on the And the boy loved deep intensity. He hopes and mountain limpid lakes and the winding lanes are the fields of the but like patchwork-

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in English affairs from that time forth, that he gave little or no attention to the land beyond the border. Accordingly the black-hearted Presbyterians lorded it over the length and breadth of Scotland and punished with great severity those who differed from them in religion.

The Superiors of the Jesuit Order in both Paris and Vienna were in no doubt as to the dangers which a Catholic priest would be called upon to face in the Scotland of the seventeenth century. Only a few months previously the Earl of Angus had written to both of them, urging them to send on priests, and warning them at the same time as to the kind of man whom they should select for such a mission.

"I entreat you," the Earl had written, "to send none but those who wish for this mission, and are strong enough to bear, without flinching, the heat of the day; for persecution increases, and those who receive the missionaries are in exceeding danger. It is a law that whoever receives a priest, hears a Mass, or celebrates one is liable to be arraigned for High Treason."

VERY clearly the Superior explained to the newly-ordained priest the dangers that he would have to face and the risks he would have to encounter. But Fr. John Ogilvie was not in the least dismayed.

"I am ready to go," was his cheerful statement.

And the Superior could not find it in his heart to put any obstacle in his way.

At the end of the year 1613 the priest arrived in Glasgow, and for the next ten months he went about the country, preaching, instructing, baptising. And then on October 14, 1614, the blow fell. In an effort to bring back some lost sheep to the Fold, Fr. Ogilvie had ventured into Glasgow and there was betrayed into the hands of his enemies.

"I came to Glasgow," he observed to a friend, "to absolve five persons from heresy. The day after my arrival, having just finished the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, I was betrayed by one of those whom I was to have reconciled to the Church. He was a man of very high family," he added sadly.

HIS captors gloried in the fact that they had made such an important arrest.

"Why did you come to Scotland?" they wanted to know.

"To convert my countrymen from heresy and to save souls," was his reply.

"By whose authority do you preach?" they went on.

"It is from the See of Peter that I have my jurisdiction," he proudly told them, "and that jurisdiction I am able to trace back to Our Lord Himself through an unbroken line of Pontiffs."

"Would you dare to sign a paper to that effect?" they challenged.

"With my blood, if need be!" were his ready words.

His questioners waited to hear no more. Unceremoniously they threw him into prison, where he "was fastened with two rings to a lump of iron of about two hundred pounds weight, shaped like a pole, so that he could only sit up or lie on his back."

FROM Glasgow he was taken to the Privy Council in Edinburgh; and there his judges taunted him with both treason and lack of patriotism. *Treason? Lack of patriotism?* The priest's lips framed a gentle sort of smile as he listened to the accusations.

"I am just as staunch a Scotsman as the king himself," he assured them, "and he cannot forbid me to come into my own country without legitimate cause."

"But is not the king Head of the Church of Scotland?" they parried.

Emphatically the priest shook his head.

"Let him act as did his mother and all the Sovereigns of Scotland before him," he counselled. . . . "They neither had nor claimed any spiritual jurisdiction; they held no Faith but that of the Holy Roman Catholic Church."

In an effort to trap him, they plied him with further questions.

"I know what you are seeking," he informed them—"a plausible means for taking away my life."

FOR eight days and nine nights he was held prisoner in the Tolbooth; and during that time the grim-faced Presbyterians did everything in their power to make him conform. They stuck needles under his nails. They slashed him with daggers. They twisted both his arms and legs. They raised him high above their heads and dashed him full-force against the hard floor. Yet still the priest remained undaunted.

"I make no account of you," he stoutly maintained. "I can and will freely suffer for this cause more than you and yours are able to inflict. Your threats cheer me. I mind them no more than the cackling of geese."

On the morning of the ninth day a doctor who was called in to have a look at him declared that the priest would not last another six hours, unless he were given medical attention. But his persecutors were determined that, if he did not recant, he would have to die on the scaffold.

SO back to Glasgow he was hurried and in the Town Hall sentence of death was passed against him. Swiftly he was taken to the market-place, where already the gibbet was fully prepared. Yet, even on the way, a minister of the Presbyterian Kirk offered him both freedom and medical attention if he threw aside his Catholicism. The same offer was repeated at the foot of the scaffold.

"I promise Mr. Ogilvie life and a rich reward, if he comes over to our side," was his declaration.

"Then am I to take it that I stand here for the sake of my religion alone?" the priest inquired.

"For the sake of your religion alone," the minister confirmed.

The priest's voice was very clear and firm as he gave his decision.

"On the ground of my religion alone am I condemned, and for that I would willingly give a hundred lives, if I had them. Take away from me quickly the one I have; my religion you shall not take away."

"And—you are not afraid to die?" Amazed, the minister stared at him.

"No more than you are to dine," was the cheerful response.

With his Rosary-beads in his hands and the words, "O Maria, Mater gratiae," on his lips, he stood upon the scaffold, and awaited the moment of departure. The skies were just as grey and sullen as they had been on that momentous occasion when he had been led, a prisoner, out of the gates of the city; but a great joy was in Fr. Ogilvie's soul and a great peace was in his heart.

Like St. Paul, Blessed John Ogilvie had "fought the good fight"; he had "kept the Faith." And, like St. Paul, too, he was happy to bear witness to Christ and to seal that apostolate with his blood.

STRENGTH THROUGH WEAKNESS

(Continued from Page 39)

hours when he did more for the salvation of the world than during all the long years of his earthly life. Be resigned to suffering when it comes; let it fashion you into a living image of God's Son; use it as He did—as a powerful weapon for the saving of souls, and helping the Church to win all men to Christ.

"And even if you're strong and healthy and eager to be active in Christ's service, don't think of your battles in terms of brilliant victories that will win you the applause of men. Time and again, as you knelt before the Bishop to be confirmed, he traced over you the sign of the Cross. When he was actually giving you the Sacrament, he dipped his finger in Chrism and traced the same sign on your forehead, saying: 'I SIGN THEE WITH THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.' That was to remind you that in shouldering your responsibilities as a grown up son or daughter of Almighty God, you must expect a share in the Sufferings of His Son, that you must be prepared to draw on the strength of Christ's Passion. Lest any doubt might remain in your mind, the Bishop gave you a light blow on the cheek to warn you to expect even insults in defending and spreading the faith, and to accept them with the meekness and strength of the Saviour during His Sufferings.

"There's a kind of white martyrdom that goes on every day in factories and offices and workshops, and even during the hours of relaxation and social gatherings—a white martyrdom that helps to make many a Catholic boy or girl, man or woman, into a living image of the slandered, insulted, outraged Christ of Calvary. It comes on occasion of such quiet but firm professions of faith as these: 'No thanks, I don't take meat today: it's Friday.' 'I'm sorry I can't join you on that hike tomorrow: it's Sunday and you're leaving before the first Mass.'"

Fr. Joachim rose and thanked both speakers for their well-prepared talks. Then he called on the Bishop and Fr. Mel to speak in turn. The Bishop explained in halting English that he was from a diocese in South America. He had come to these countries to look for vocations. He described vividly the desperate needs of the Church in South America where a third of the Catholics in the world were living, yet where half of them died without the Last Sacraments because of the lack of priests. He ended by exhorting the members of the Forum to pray every day for the preservation of the faith in his country. Then Fr. Mel described the dangers from Communism that threatened the Church in Africa. He asked the members of the Forum to pray each day for the needs of the Passionist Mission in Bechuanaland. Then with a final prayer, another FORUM meeting came to an end.

SHEILA O'LOUGHLIN asks :

HOW CATHOLIC IS FRANCE ?

Her answers carry a
variety of implications for us
in Ireland

FOR countless centuries France has been a Catholic country. Down the ages she has produced outstanding Catholic thinkers and philosophers. She has bred peasants whose faith has been the envy of a Pascal. Her countryside is pierced with the towers and spires of magnificent Cathedrals, pointing heavenwards. Her culture and tradition bear the imprint of an accumulation of Catholic thought and sympathy. How startling, therefore, in recent years, to hear responsible, learned and holy men raise the cry of "France—Pagan?" "How did France come to this pass?" Could it happen in Ireland?

The defection of the French from the Catholic religion is the result of a slow insidious disintegration which was not noticed or checked in time. It stems, at least partially, from the Industrial Revolution of the 18th century, which seriously worsened the position of the workers and drove them eventually into direct and organised opposition to their employers. Most of these employers were Catholics, at least in name, and the workers, associating their Catholic employers with the Church, blamed the Church for the misdeeds of these Catholic employers. The workers did not know, or did not think it enough, that successive Popes had urged that Catholics ought to concern themselves with the practical solution of the social question according to Catholic

principles. The problem was not, of course, peculiar to France, or to the Catholic Church. In France, the problem had reached substantial proportions before its full implications were realised.

SOME years ago an inquiry was carried out in France to estimate the extent of the problem. The inquiry classified the population under four headings: (1) the devout; (2) the regular observants (Sunday Mass and Easter Duty); (3) the seasonal conformists who have recourse to the Church for great events such as Baptism, First Communion, Marriages, Burials, and (4) those entirely detached from religious life. The bourgeois, employers, storekeepers, artisans and others belong to the first three categories. In the case of the labouring classes many are still faithful to the Church in the old industrial districts in the North, but in groups of recent formation 15% belong to groups 1 to 3 but only 5% to 10% to groups 1 and 2. There are about 8,000,000 non-Christians out of about 9,000,000 labourers in the working class districts of the cities. Yet the fact remains that 94% of the French people are still baptised Catholics and a surprisingly small number are sufficiently convinced in their "Paganism" to withdraw their children from religious instruction classes.

The position was, therefore, that while the memory of the Catholic tradition still lingered, the urban workers had been largely lost to Christianity, and it was feared that the workers in the country districts might be similarly lost.

That vigorous action could remedy the position was indicated when priest-workers, who served the most depraved districts in Paris, found many who joyfully welcomed the message of Christ, though the acceptance involved the heroic sacrifice of cutting them off from their proletarian companions and, to all appearances, going over to the bourgeois 'enemy.'

IT became necessary, therefore, to review the whole position—to examine the weapons of the Church and to see whether these weapons which had been forged over the centuries to guide a country entirely Catholic had been sufficiently adapted to meet the challenge of the present day, when a significant percentage of the population had become de-Christianised. This un-Christian element is, generally speaking, *entirely ignorant of the Church and of God*, and has been taught by effective propaganda to hate what it knows not, and has been armed and trained to fight against it.

During this whole period when large sections of the population were gradually veering away from the Church, the Church herself suffered from many difficulties. The French Revolution had led to the death of many priests. The

issue of "Juror" and "Non-Juror" clergy had, in some cases, caused schism between the priests and their people. Religious orders were suppressed, anti-clerical laws were passed and anti-clerical propaganda was rampant. The latter two conditions continued long after the worst excesses of the Revolution had been left.

In the beginning the Church had tried to meet the situation by creating within the State a more or less self-centred Catholic community, with its own schools (*écoles libres*), universities, newspapers, charitable organizations, etc. But this was not a success, and Catholics tended to lose their influence on their non-Catholic or non-practising neighbours, and their own numbers tended to decrease. It became clear that they should not opt out of modern civilization but should direct it towards Christianity.

THE priests were, of course, the natural leaders of this movement. But in the last half century the number of secular priests in all dioceses has been declining. In addition the Church in France suffered serious losses in personnel in two World Wars. This reduction has had two results, namely, an insufficient number of priests in some dioceses (though this could be partly cured by a better distribution of priests) and, secondly, an unusually high proportion of older priests. The average age of French priests, according to statistics collected in 1950, was 50 years. In several dioceses more than 50% instead of the normal 21% of the priests were more than 60 years old.

The priests of France also had difficulties peculiar to their training and environment. Prior to the last war practically all priests received their youthful education at the minor seminaries, from which they graduated to the major seminaries. They were thus more or less withdrawn from the rough and tumble of normal life at an early age, and became, if anything, a little too ecclesiastical for the period in which they lived. In general, priests were drawn largely from the middle classes and from the country, but even boys from the proletariat found that their training for the priesthood in the inevitable bourgeois atmosphere—for the bourgeois mind has impressed itself on the culture which priests, in common with educated people generally, receive—separated them from their former companions.

THE training of the priests, too, was not of a type to adapt them for the extraordinary conditions in which many of them lived and worked. A priest is normally upheld by the double support of his confreres and his parishioners. But in the France of today this support is often lacking. It is impossible in poor dioceses to maintain one priest per parish. In some cases there is one priest for two, three,

four, and, in extreme cases, up to eight parishes. In many cases, there is not sufficient apostolic activity or responsibilities even in these large areas to stimulate and nourish the priests' interior life. The de-Christianised parishes, therefore, provide a situation which is abnormal and prejudicial to the sanctity of the priest and the fruitfulness of his mission. To triumph over this spiritual isolation the priest would need a little of the soul of the ancient solitaries which is no common possession in these days of community living. Without it a priest tends to become discouraged, and, in extreme cases, gradually to accept failure. But the work of the re-Christianisation of France is one which must require indomitable zeal and enduring perseverance.

This situation suggested various remedies. The priest-worker movement directed towards the proletariat has had to be discontinued, largely through being started without sufficient preparation or calculation of the hazards involved. Two other movements, however, the "Mission of France" and the "Mission of Paris" are producing definite, though unspectacular, results.

The desire to adapt Christianising methods to modern conditions resulted in the formation of missionary groups, but after some experience the promoters of this attempt came to the conclusion that it was materially impossible for the parish clergy, in addition to their ordinary parish work, to undertake the systematic work necessary to combat collective paganism, urban or rural. Moreover, the parochial community with its existing institutions, such as sodalities, etc., were unable to gather in people who were recently converted from paganism and had only come part of the way towards God, though they were people of good will. Men were more easily 'Christifiable,' then 'Churchifiable.' It was necessary to utilize missionary methods. So was born in 1941 the Mission of France, whose purpose was to penetrate deChristianized areas.

IN 1941 a seminary was opened in Lisieux, impregnated with the apostolic spirituality of St. Thérèse, patroness of the Missions and second patroness of France. The object of this seminary is to train a priesthood to fight paganism—a priesthood armed with the necessary dynamic weapons and endowed with a theology of conquest rather than that of an established church. By preference, men are taken who have completed their philosophy. They learn theology with a special application to missionary work. All their studies are related to the work of evangelization. They are given more liberty and responsibility than in most seminaries. Every man has as part of his training what is called a *Stade*, as a farm labourer or some other sort of workman. This

lasts from a few months to a year or more and is designed to teach the students to know and love those among whom they are to work.

When priests are finally trained they do not act as itinerant missionaries. They go out to build Christian communities in pagan areas, the stress being on the building of communities, as in missionary countries, rather than on making individual conversions. The seminary is inter-diocesan, but when a team is assigned to a particular diocese it comes under the Bishop of that diocese. That they be secular priests, not religious, is strongly insisted on.

THE success of the 'Mission of France' led to the foundation of the 'Mission of Paris,' with some adaptations of their system to suit the proletarian environment. The 'Mission of France' is for the whole country, rural as well as urban, and all pagans, whereas the 'Mission of Paris' is directed towards the proletariat. The former works within a parochial framework whereas the latter is absolutely outside it. The 'Mission of France' started off as a purely clerical movement, but eventually had its branches of women assistants. The 'Mission of Paris' had lay people as an integral part of its entity from the very beginning, as it was clear that only lay people could contact their fellow workers at work, in factories and at their amusements, where priests had no entry.

It is clear, therefore, that in France the need for action has been realised, and that policy has shifted from the defensive attitude of hoping to win back by example to the offensive attitude of seeking out pagans in the areas where Christ is unknown. Thus priests have had to have experience of the language, thoughts and needs of the paganised people whom they wished to win back to Christ.

Ireland is not faced with the same situations and perils as France. Her people practice their religion to a greater extent than most nations of the earth. They have a traditional veneration for their priests, so many of whom were once killed and tortured by an invading power. Yet it is clear that the situation is not as favourable as it appears on the surface. Otherwise why do so many Irish Catholics drop their Faith when they emigrate to an alien atmosphere. Action has been taken in England to counteract de-Christianizing influences by providing Irish priests to preach missions to emigrants. Is enough being done at home to provide an indestructible religious basis? Are we too smug about our high standard of religious practice? How much of this practice is a matter of convention rather than conviction? These are questions to ponder, lest, as happened in the case of France, we wake up to the truth—too late.

NEW PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF BECHUANALAND



MONSIGNOR URBAN MURPHY, C.P.

WITH joy and gratitude we announce that the Holy See has erected the new Prefecture of Bechuanaland, and has appointed Right Rev. Monsignor Urban Murphy, C.P., as its first Prefect Apostolic.

The new Prefecture embraces the entire Protectorate of Bechuanaland, and has been administered by the Passionist Fathers since January, 1952.

Monsignor Murphy, a native of Dublin, was born in 1919. Educated at C.B.S., Synge St., Dublin, and at the Passionist Juniorate, he was professed at St. Gabriel's Retreat, The Graan, Enniskillen, in November, 1959. Having completed his philosophical and theological studies at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, he was ordained at Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, in May, 1945. He was well known as a preacher of missions and retreats in Ireland and Scotland during the early years of his ministry. In 1952, as a member of the pioneer group of Irish Passionists, he left home for Bechuanaland, where he has since laboured.

May God's work pass from strength to strength in the newly-established Prefecture, and may the Almighty shower His blessings on its young Prefect Apostolic.

THE FATHER OF COMMUNISM

WALTER O'REALLY

etches the grim portrait

of Karl Marx

THE town of Trier, old-world and leisurely, lay drowsing in the warm glow of a summer's afternoon when, on May 5, 1818, a child who was destined to be known throughout the world as Karl Marx made his first appearance on this earthly scene. The child's father was a Jew and a prosperous lawyer into the bargain; and he cherished the hope that one of his sons would follow in his footsteps and carry on the legal business, long after he himself should have passed away.

Karl was the second son to be born of the marriage, and the father's heart beat happily as he looked down at the tiny bundle of humanity nestling so peacefully in its mother's arms.

"We shall call him Karl," he proudly announced.

"You may call him what you will," the mother returned with a smile. "But in my own heart he will always be known by a grander name."

"And that, my dear, will be . . . ?" put in Heinrich Marx.

"Child of good fortune," supplemented Henrietta Pressburg.

Little did those fond parents imagine as they uttered those words that their son would in later years wound their hearts and smash their hopes and cause them to know many a sleepless night. It was indeed well for them that they could not tear aside the veil that divided the future from the present or see just then the roadway which this boy would travel or glimpse the seeds of havoc and destruction which his hands would so wantonly sow.

AN indication of Karl's ungovernable temper was not long in making itself evident. He was barely seven years old when his parents became converted to the Christian Faith; and, when they tried to explain to their second son what this entailed, he stormed and fumed.

Their conversion, he declared, was nothing less than an open insult to Judaism, and he in his turn would see to it that he made "his whole life a reply and a revenge."

His parents at the time did not take such a threat seriously. Indeed, it is more than likely that they thought he had no clear realisation of what his ranting statements really meant. But the years that followed were to prove that young Karl was quite serious when he made that threat.

At the Trier Gymnasium the boy showed that he was reasonably clever. He was especially fond of Latin and Greek; and his teachers suggested that he might do well at the university.

SO at the age of seventeen Karl registered as a student at the University of Bonn, and there he took up the study of Law. During his sojourn there he seems to have spent most of his time in gambling and drinking. He missed his lectures, and he gloried in being referred to by the rest of the students as "a tough man." In the sessional examination which took place at the end of his first academic year, he failed miserably—so miserably, in fact, that the university authorities wrote to his father, intimating that it would be pointless for the young student to put in an appearance when the other students returned in the autumn.

His father was on the point of keeping Karl at home for good. But the young man pleaded for "just one more chance." Why should not his father send him to the University of Berlin? He was older now—older and wiser—and he gave his solemn promise that he would immediately settle down to the serious business of study.

After a great deal of consideration, Heinrich Marx agreed; and in the November of 1836 Karl registered at the University of Berlin and once more gave the impression that he was going to study Law.

But the promise which the young man had made was soon conveniently forgotten. Again he spent the greater part of his time in the gambling-dens and drinking-saloons of the city. Again he missed lectures and gloried in the appellation of "a rake," "a spendthrift."

IT was only to be expected that the diligent and steady Heinrich Marx should be extremely displeased with the behaviour of his dissolute son. Time and again he wrote to him, urging him to see the light of reason before it was too late.

On November 17, 1837, the old man declared: "I am disgusted with your letters; their irrational tone is loathsome to me; I would never have expected it of you. What cause can you have for your behaviour? Weren't you the child of good fortune from your very cradle? Wasn't nature generous to you? Haven't your parents loved you with a great love? Was there ever a time when you could not satisfy the least one of your wishes? And now, the first sign of opposition, the least discomfort brings forth your pessimism! Do you call that strength or manly character? . . ."

On December 1, 1837, Heinrich Marx again took his son to task.

"I perceive in you complete disorder," he wrote, "stupidly wandering through all branches of science without really imbibing any of them, stupidly brooding at your burning oil-lamp when you should be really studying. You are a madman turned wild in a coat of learning and unkempt hair; and in your utter wildness you see with four eyes. It is those four eyes that make you unable to endure even the least set-back and fills you with such a complete disregard for everything decent. . . ."

LATER on in the same letter the following shrewd summing-up appears:

"You are surely following in the footsteps of those malicious young men who proclaim their perverted thoughts as to the nature of genius. . ."

But what cared this dissolute young man what his father might think or say as long as he had sufficient money in his pocket to provide him with drink and amusement—as long as he had sufficient grounds for believing that more funds would be forthcoming when his present store was exhausted?

On May 10, 1838, however, the unexpected happened. Heinrich Marx died. There was only one road open to Karl now, if he wished to stay on at the university. He simply must get down to real, solid work! Down to work he got; and in the summer of 1841 he sat for his final examination and managed to scrape

together sufficient marks to obtain for himself the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

The more arduous job of making a living now lay before him.

In the year 1842 he became editor of "The Rhenish Gazette"; but the downright obscenity of some of the articles and the revolutionary views which the leader-column invariably contained could not fail to attract the attention of the authorities. Within a year the publication was suppressed. So now indeed it would appear that Karl Marx was on the bread-line.

TO Paris he made his way, and there for two years he did his level-best to make a livelihood as a hack-writer. But there were many writers of far greater talent and ability in the French capital of the period, and editors were in no wise inclined to accept for publication the badly-written articles of a mere dabbler who was quite obviously carrying a chip on his shoulder.

Banished from France in 1847, he made his way to Brussels. While there he committed to paper all the hatred and bitterness and spite which he cherished for those who had the leisure and money and comfort which had once been his, but which now he no longer possessed. The document containing his attack on those more fortunate than himself he grandiloquently styled "The Communist Manifesto." And in that so-called Manifesto Marx posed as the defender of the down-trodden Proletariat against the powerful, self-complacent Bourgeoisie!

"The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society has not done away with class antagonisms," he ponderously enunciated. "It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones."

"Our era, the era of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, a distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat."

WHEN Marx had been a wealthy student at the Universities of Bonn and Berlin, he had seen nothing wrong with luxury and affluence. Now, however, because he had nothing to lose, he advocated a levelling process whereby the rich might become less rich and the poor might become less poor. It sounded sufficiently impressive on paper to make quite a number of people foolishly imagine that the idea could be put into practice. They little dreamed that the man who had

written it all was not really concerned about the poor or the needy—that he was merely interested in himself.

“The distinguishing feature of Communism,” he declared, “is not the abolition of property generally, but the abolition of bourgeois property. But modern bourgeois private property is the final and most complete expression of the system of producing and appropriating products that could possibly be based on class antagonism—on the exploitation of the many by the few.

“In this sense, the theory of the Communists may be summed up in the single sentence: Abolition of Private Property.”

By promising to abolish private property, Marx felt sure he would gain a ready support from those who had no property to lose. He went still further in his efforts to win the immoral over to his standard by assuring them that “the bourgeois family will vanish as a matter of course when its complement vanishes, and both will vanish with the disappearance of capital.”

IN 1848 Marx went back to Germany with a view to organising a revolution in his native land. A warrant for his arrest was issued. He fled to Paris; but there was no welcome for him there. So he was compelled to cross the English Channel and take up his abode in a squalid corner of Camberwell in the City of London.

Marx was already a bitter man, and the years which he spent in England embittered him still more. He could not understand why the English people did not recognize a genius when they saw one. He could not understand why they refused a soft job and easy money to one who had gone out of his way to uphold the weak and the distressed.

Poverty and hardship stared him in the face; but it was not really Marx who experienced the brunt of it all but the unfortunate woman who had gone through a form of marriage with him years before and who was now the mother of his four children.

Fragments of the letters which she sent home from London bear ample testimony to the trials which she endured.

“You know London and its conditions well enough to appreciate what difficulties I have to face. . . . Nobody wanted to take us in . . . I had to sell my bedding to satisfy the druggist and the baker and the milkman. . . . On Easter of this year our poor little Francisca died. . . . For three days the poor child wrestled with death. . . . She suffered, oh, so terribly, and I suffered, too”

AND what was the upholder of the weak and distressed doing all this time to alleviate the sorrows of this unfortunate woman?

Absolutely nothing! He was too proud to take off his coat and do an honest day's work. All he was capable of doing was to pen series upon series of vitriolic articles about the loathsome bourgeoisie of the period; and even on these articles he was incapable of making a single penny.

“It is the fate of women to weep,” he once remarked callously, when someone sought to remind him that he should be looking after his family and ought not to leave the task of bread-winning to his already-sickly wife.

By this time Marx hated not only man—he also hated God.

“The idea of God must be utterly destroyed,” he vehemently asserted. “It is the keystone of a perverted civilisation. The true root of liberty and equality and culture is atheism.”

In the September of 1864 he launched an “International Workingmen's Campaign” with the hackneyed slogan: “Workingmen of all countries, unite!” And in the year 1867 the first volume of his “Das Kapital” came rolling off the printing-presses and marked by its publication the real birth of Communism.

“Religion is the opium of the people,” the author had sneered; and he had no doubt that many a gullible man and woman who chanced to peruse the pages of this carefully-worded volume would be caught in the web of Communistic aims and ideas.

FOR the last thirteen years of his life Marx was in bad health; and his wife was compelled to be constantly at his beck and call. It must therefore have been a merciful ease to her when on the afternoon of March 14, 1883, the man whom she undoubtedly loved in spite of all his faults passed quietly away—leaving to the world the memory of a life that was anything but noble and copies of some books which would continue to disseminate the evil and the guile which was in his heart.

Judged impartially, Karl Marx must inevitably strike the reader as a man whose character and life left much to be desired. He broke his father's heart. He neglected his mother and wife and children. He instigated riots and revolutions, and then fled from the various scenes of trouble, leaving his slower associates to face the unpleasant consequences. His so-called love of the working-man was nothing but a cloak to hide the love that lurked in his heart for his own success and his own aggrandisement.

“Child of good fortune,” his doting mother had called him when, as a one-hour-old babe, he had nestled in her arms. But it was her oft-voiced regret in after years that she should have lived to see that same son stirring up the bitterness of revolt and scattering the blight of misfortune on every place where he might happen to find even a temporary home.



YOUR QUESTIONS OUR ANSWERS



I have often heard and read that the union of husband and wife is like the union of Christ and His Church. In what way is this true . . . ?—F.O. (Co. Louth).

Your question is answered clearly in that excellent Sheed & Ward publication, *Christ In Us*: "The union between Christ and His Church is a vital, life-giving union. The union of husband and wife is a life giving union, imparting grace to their souls. The union between Christ and His Church is an organic union, the union of head and body. The union of husband and wife is a union of two in one flesh and one spirit. The union between Christ and His Church is a union of infinite love, love which is constant and unwavering, love which is self-sacrificial. The union of husband and wife is also a union of love, love which is exclusively given to one's spouse, love which is unselfish, love which lasts as long as life."

Will you please tell me . . . what helps exactly a patient gets from the reception of Extreme Unction . . . ?—T.L. O'M. (Glasgow).

Through the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, Christ increases the divine life in the soul of the patient (sanctifying grace). He frequently restores the health of the body. He also gives actual graces which enable the patient to be resigned to death, and so to bear his illness in such a way that, through it, he may be prepared for immediate entrance into heaven. Through Extreme Unction, Christ also forgives sin and removes the temporal punishment due to sin. When confession is impossible, He forgives even mortal sin through this sacrament. It surely follows from all this that we do a patient a great injustice if, through foolish fear of frightening the patient or through sheer neglect we fail to send for the priest in time. To say that Anointing will have a bad effect on the patient is tantamount to saying that we know better than Christ how to care for the sick.

When did the custom arise of giving saints' names to children at baptism? The custom can hardly be very ancient since there were no saints in the early Christian centuries. . . —'Father of Seven' (Dublin).

No saints in the early Christian centuries!! What about Our Lady, St. Joseph and the apostles? What about the very early Christian martyrs? In point of fact, the custom you mention is very ancient. Before the thirteenth century it was universal in Europe. In Ireland we had an interesting variant of the custom. Many of our forefathers considered that it would be irreverent to claim saints' names for themselves. This gave rise to surnames such as Malone (*servant of St. John*),

Gilmartin (*servant of St. Martin*) and Gilpatrick (*servant of St. Patrick*). Their great reverence for the name of God's Mother appears in their custom of using one name for the Blessed Virgin, Muire, and quite another for their daughters, Maire. Today when people use many meaningless names for their children, the Church urges Catholics to give their children meaningful Christian names.

I feel that I would live a better life if I were married, but a suitable partner does not seem to come my way. . . . Is there anything wrong about praying for a good and suitable husband?—'Nurse' (Belfast).

It is certainly not sinful to pray that God may send you a suitable husband, for a good husband and a happy marriage are amongst the greatest blessings one can receive in this life. One's salvation may easily be bound up with one's life partner in marriage. When you pray, however, for such favours, it should be under the condition that such be God's will.

Which is the more correct thing to do at the Elevation of the Mass—to bow the head or to look at the Host?—E. de M. (Co. Kerry).

It is recommended to look at the Sacred Host, as it is more conformable to the purpose of the elevation, namely, that the faithful may see the consecrated element. St. Pius X greatly encouraged this practice by granting an indulgence to all who, looking at the Sacred Host, say with the Apostle St. Thomas, the words: "My Lord and my God."

Can a man who married a non-Catholic woman before a priest eighteen years ago, but who afterwards ceased going to Mass and allowed the wife to rear the children as Protestants, return to the practice of his religion while still allowing the children to remain Protestants?—'Helper' (Liverpool).

This is a grim problem which arises with tragic frequency for all concerned. The man has a grave obligation in conscience to return to the practice of his religion. He must at the same time remind his wife of the solemn promises she made at the time of their marriage to have the children baptised and reared as Catholics, and insist that the children be instructed in the Catholic Faith. In addition, he must, by his good example, gentle persuasion and insistent encouragement strive to undo the tragic effects of his criminal negligence. Bickering and fighting should obviously be avoided, and, hence, the prudent counsel of a priest should be sought in order that a wise course of action may be decided upon.



Spotlight

CANADA'S SAINTS

We came across these significant paragraphs in a recent issue of the Australian magazine, *MONSTRANCE* :

Most of Canada's saints and candidates for canonization have been members of farm families. The next highest source of saintly people has been families headed by lawyers.

Ten farm families are represented amongst Canada's eight saints and 24 candidates for canonization.

Lawyers were the fathers of four other families whose members have been, or may be, honoured by the Church.

Large families also show up. Four of the candidates were members of seven-children families and four others came from families of three children. Also represented are three families with 10 children, two with 14, two with 13, two with 12, two with 2, one with 15, and one with 4.

ALAS AND ALACK !

Already Pope John XXIII has found his way into the hearts of millions. This is due, in no small measure, to incidents like the following, which caught our eye in the pages of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST* :

I was alone and stranded in London, the war-torn and bomb-weary London of 1946. My ultimate destination was our Marist mother house in Italy, but my American superior had granted me permission to go there in this leisurely fashion, with stop-offs in Ireland, England, and France. Through some mixup, the Brother who was to meet me in London had failed to appear, and I had resigned myself to a bench in the waiting room for the night.

By great good luck, I spied three young Yanks, whose open-front collars identified them as La Salle Brothers. I explained my predicament, asking if they knew of any hotels that might have a room available. No, they knew none, but they themselves had managed to put up at a small boardinghouse in Bayswater. Perhaps the landlady could find room for one more.

The owners turned out to be a splendid Italian couple whose daughter attended a Marist school. They ousted the son of the house from his room to take me in, and from this headquarters I spent several pleasant days visiting the sights of London.

When I was due to leave for Paris, the landlady asked me to deliver a package. I was happy to oblige, so she wrapped up several chocolate bars and addressed the parcel to a priest in Paris, explaining that he was an old family friend.

In Paris, I took a cab to the address on the package. It turned out to be an imposing residence on the Seine. I hesitated. This could hardly be the home of an Italian priest. But I rang the bell, and soon found myself ushered into the presence of Archbishop Roncalli, then papal nuncio to France !

Archbishop Roncalli recalled at once the friends of his boyhood in Italy. No gift of precious jewels was ever more enthusiastically received than the humble offering I presented. Well do I recall the warm embrace and accolade, after the manner of Latins, that he gave me. Hearing of my difficulties in London, he insisted that I be his house guest during my stay in Paris. This invitation I regretfully declined ; I was already installed with the Marist Brothers of the city. Need I add that recent developments have magnified my regret ?

Brother John Lawrence O'Shea, F.M.S.

NO REFUGE HERE !

During the recent British television programme, a certain Mrs. Knight had some hard things to say about the Church. She considered that she had an argument against the Catholic community in the fact that quite a number of Catholics occupied gaol cells. She has been answered most effectively by the editor of *THE CATHOLIC GAZETTE* :

If Mrs. Knight were to found a Church it would have to be a most desperately respectable affair. Whatever else it might be, it would not be "The Refuge of Sinners."

But how curious that a lady so brave in her rationalism should be a Calvinist deep down. For it is not what people say that lets the cat out of the bag. It is those things which they unconsciously assume. And Mrs. Knight assumes that it is the primary business of the Church to make us all respectable. It is the primary business of the Church to get us all into heaven. For some in every age, for a great number in every age, that is a tough eleventh-hour job.

Yes, to be sure it is desirable that no Catholic should darken the door of a gaol. One wonders, however, if it is not easy to be virtuous in the

Mrs. Knight sense, provided you have a couple of thousand a year, and behind you a tradition of that security which money can bring.

Whether or not we have too many in gaol is beside the point here. Mrs. Knight said that "Catholics, who have the most intense religious training, have also the highest delinquency rates." We believe she has been well answered by Fr. Christie, S.J., and Lord Pakenham. The assertion is not true.

But, there will always be some Catholics in gaol, either because their religious training is not intensive enough, or because (and this is of major importance here) they have to live in social and economic conditions which are degrading, or because of original sin.

There will always be Catholics in gaol because they do not cease to be Catholics when they cease to be respectable. For it is the glory of this Church of ours, that she can, with infinite sympathy, see far into the human heart. It is the glory of this Church that she has all the time in the world for the broken reed.

PROBLEM PASTOR

In the U.S. SOUTHWEST COURIER, we found this long list of pointed "ifs":

Every congregation is supplied with hypercritics who figure that their dime in the collection box puts them on the board of trustees. They are the judges of the community, the arbiters who decide that this was right and that was wrong.

If he asks for money, he is charged with worldliness; if his church falls to pieces, he is a poor financier.

If he has bazaars, he is bleeding the people; if he doesn't, there is no social life in the parish.

If he preaches more than five minutes, he is long-winded; if his sermon is short, he hasn't prepared for it.

If he calls on his parishioners, he is considered a bore; if he doesn't, he is high-hatted.

If he gesticulates during his sermon, he is trying to be dramatic; if he confines himself to the beatitudes, he is condemned for his platitudes.

If he owns a car, he is too worldly; if he doesn't, he always arrives too late on sick calls.

If he gives advice in the confessional, he is consuming time; if he doesn't he is not a good director.

If he starts Mass on time, his watch is fast; if he starts late, he is holding back the congregation.

The critics keep the pastor's hands full—of everything except money.

WELCOME HOME

Via the paragraphs which follow, THE STANDARD voiced the sentiments of the Irish nation:

An enthusiastic welcome awaits Most Rev. Dr. Antonio Riberi, former Secretary to the Apostolic Nunciature in Dublin, when he returns to the Irish capital as the newly-appointed Apostolic Nuncio to Ireland.

The 61-year-old Vatican diplomat will be greeted as an old friend. Both those who knew him per-

sonally when he was here from 1929 to 1934, and who have long been aware of his understanding sympathy with the spirit of Irish Catholicism, and those representatives of our spiritual empire who made his acquaintance during testing times in China are keenly sensible of the high compliment paid our country by the choice the Pope has made.

Nowhere has the news of his appointment been more warmly received than in the Legion of Mary circle. The man who was so impressed by his first-hand experience of the Legion's working here that he introduced it to China and who has written so enthusiastically about the significance for our times of the example of Edel Quinn needs no convincing about the sterling quality of Legion aims and work.

Among the Maynooth Missionaries at Dalgan Park, too, there is no little joy. Already many members of that young congregation have had occasion to co-operate closely with him during difficult days in China, and both Father Patrick O'Connor and Father Aedan McGrath are veterans of service in his Central Catholic Bureau at Shanghai.

A TALL STORY

Liam O'Riordan, with tongue in cheek, has some strange things to tell us of our brethren across the Atlantic. We quote from the IRISH CATHOLIC:

The Americans are trying to pick out a patron saint for basketball players—based on the idea that as these sportsmen are necessarily tall, their patron must also have been of unusual stature in the days when he cast his shadow upon the earth.

Somebody suggested St. Camillus de Lellis (already official patron of the sick, of hospitals, of nurses and nursing associations). He was 6 ft. 7 ins. tall.

That seemed to cap it, until somebody else put up St. Thomas á Becket—who was an inch taller than St. Camillus.

There the matter rests, uneasily, at the moment. No doubt, interested parties are reading frantically through the Lives of the Saints in search of somebody taller still—a veritable giant for preference.

By the way, hadn't we some lanky Irish saints? Weren't one or two or more of them known as The Tall? We must look into this.

THE LAST WORD

To the AMERICAN WEEKLY are we indebted for this wry vignette:

A psychiatrist advised a timid patient to be more assertive. The henpecked husband went home, slammed the door, and addressed his wife in his best Little Caesar manner.

"From now on," he snarled, "you're taking orders from ME, see? Make my supper right now. And when it's on the table, you're going up to lay out my clothes, see? And tonight I'm going out on the town—alone. And do you know who's going to dress me in my tuxedo and black tie?"

"You bet I do," was his wife's answer. "The UNDERTAKER!"

EDWARD F. MURPHY

reminds us that

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

So they do—in this world
and in the next

AS children we heard that “mighty oaks from little acorns grow.” It probably didn’t impress us much then, and even as adults, we are apt to find that we have yet to learn the lesson taught by that old proverb.

We still expect the acorns of our desires to sprout into mighty “oaks” of achievement overnight. We want our big dreams to come true in a single day and rebel at the thought of attaining them by a slow, painful ascent.

We need not apologize for such longings; their roots are deep in the human heart. We all long for a richer life, and we all long for it *now*. Waiting goes against the grain.

BUT such yearnings can deceive us. Waiting for that one big chance may blind us to all the little changes that are within our power.

In referring to the Kingdom of Heaven, Christ compared it with the mustard seed. He stressed the almost microscopic origin from which the Kingdom grows. It would be wise if we took that lesson and were more concerned with the insignificant beginnings that lead to great things.

If we want to change our lives for the better we must undertake the tiny thing that is possible and not waste time dreaming about the big thing that is beyond our capabilities.

Minutes Count

TO appreciate the importance of the little thing, you can begin with the element

of *time*. “Who,” asks Professor Robert Pollock, “really has respect for time? Who really feels a deep reverence for it? When it comes to lacking respect for time, we’re all in the same boat.”

If we are to acquire “deep reverence” for time, we must start with the moment. How easy it is to think only in terms of days, weeks, months or years, letting the moments pass without diverting the gold ingrained within them.

You have heard it said that “if you want to get something done, ask a busy man to do it.” That is so simply because the busy man values moments. He uses the time at his disposal.

If the job to be done is a big one, the size should not discourage us. A person simply breaks down a task, no matter how large, into small, manageable components. As Henry Ford notes, “Nothing is particularly hard if you divide it into small jobs.” Actually there is no other workable way of doing a job.

Setting Goals

NOT in our work alone, but in all the aspects of our lives, the accent should be on the little. We should guard against setting goals so big that their attainment is wholly unrealistic.

Father Frederick Faber warns, “If we put an absurdly high ideal before us, it ceases to be an ideal, because we have no idea of acting upon it.”

As an example, brotherly love may be an ideal which greatly appeals to us. We may picture ourselves going about doing good to all men. But until it takes root in tiny acts of kindness, it will not be an ideal but a delusion.

WHOEVER coined the adage, “Charity begins at home,” may have had that delusion in mind. There’s no better place to begin the practice of brotherly love than within our own family. If it is happy to begin with, doubtless it is because many thoughtful deeds already are being done—the wife pleasing her husband with a favourite dessert; the father taking his children on an outing; the teen-age daughter pitching in with the housework.

Coleridge wrote, “The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or smile, a kind look, a heartfelt



ST. THERESE

Her "Little Way" led her to the heights of sanctity

compliment, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable and genial feeling."

Lift Our Spirits

THE child who smiles at us as we pass, the friend who remembers our birthday with a card, the neighbour who brings soup when we are sick—they are the ones who give our spirits a lift. What they do is small. Only a minimum of time and effort is involved. But so much good and pleasure result.

Such opportunities confront us constantly. A visit to a person who is ill. An invitation given someone who lives alone. An offer to baby-sit so the couple next door can enjoy an evening out. Using your car to transport a feeble old man or woman to Sunday Mass or to mission devotions. Dropping a note of appreciation to the folks who have entertained you in their home.

All those are small acts of charity, but there is nothing small about the brightness they bring into other people's lives.

Children with their small joys and sorrows and problems teach us much about the immense value of the little things in life. Frequently they prefer to play with sticks and pieces of cloth and discarded boxes instead of expensive toys.

New Adventure

TO them each day is full of fresh adventure. Learning a new word or taking their first step or going to the playground to ride on

the swings is a big moment for them. Really they're not big at all, but just small things of value.

Any father or mother will tell you that the greatest joys in family life are made up of the little things their children say or do. They are small, yes, and insignificant to anyone else. But they are the things that add up to what is important.

"Life," Father Joseph Farrell observes, "is made up of trifles, but their sum total is a human destiny." But in a deeper sense they are not trifles at all. That is only the humble guise they assume.

"There can be no little things in this world," said Madame Swetchine, "seeing that God is involved in all."

A Salute to Our Parents

A PRIEST'S life is essentially a lonely life, one cut off from the intimate happiness of family, but also cut off from the trials, sorrows and hardships borne together by every married couple striving to lead a life pleasing to God. We want to stop and pay Catholic parents the tremendous tribute which we think you deserve.

We priests don't know firsthand everything that besets you as you follow out the vocation God gave you in His wisdom, but we do know that it takes a saint to live it perfectly. We recall our own mothers and fathers, the times they put up with us, the struggles they went through to bring us up as they saw best. As we look back we appreciate so much the things we took for granted then, the things we didn't begin to understand and sometimes chafed under. Now we understand them a little bit better.

We've learned a lot as we've watched our brothers and sisters raise their families, our friends, the parents of our students, the fathers and mothers who pour out their sometimes-exhausted hearts to us in the confessional. We've learned that your vocation as a parent demands the courage of a saint.

Christ Himself is the special model for us priests, but He gave you His own parents as your models.
—Ave Maria.

LATELY DECEASED

Readers' prayers are asked for the following:

Ellen Kane

Sarah Brown

Vera Hyland

Violet Tully

Edward Hynes

Bernard Baldwin

**b
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YOU never do anything rash; you are too sensible. You stop to count the cost in time, effort and cash, before deciding on whether a plan is worth carrying out.

● There is much to be commended in the practice of looking before you leap and a lot of wisdom in the old saying that you should cut your coat according to your cloth.

★ But—frankly—I notice you are a bit of a wet blanket at times. Someone suggests a trip to the sea or the country, and everyone else says “Oh, yes,” but you ask how far it is, what is the fare, and what time will you get back—not because you are short of either time or money but just because you are cautious.

YOUR hesitancy takes some of the fun out of the trip, even before it begins.

Others probably thought of nothing but the joy of fresh air, sand and waves or green countryside.

They, possibly, have less money and time to spare than you have but they are ready to spend both in a good cause.

Now, I would not, in the least, like to see you throwing money around foolishly or wasting time in folly.

BOTH should be used well. Time or money spent in helping others is well spent, you will agree.

★ You don't quite agree, I notice. You would be a bit cautious about volunteering to drive your sick neighbour to hospital (You don't want everyone with a pain in his toe expecting you to rush your car out!).

● And you count the ha'pence very carefully before you decide to help a poor man in need or give a subscription to a charity.

YOU make very sure that you won't leave yourself short. If there is any danger of that, you just say “No, sorry I can't help,” and you put the matter out of your thoughts.

Things I Notice About You— You Cautious One

★ But, sir or madam, lad or lass, there are people with far less who simply cannot say no to a call for charity.

★ “How could I leave the man hungry?” they say, or “Could I harden my heart against such an appeal?”

You, on the other hand, count the cost, weigh up the matter.

At least you think you do.

You are so cautious, so sensible. Or so you think. You are not really.

● Look here, you **SAVED** a penny by ignoring that beggar and you **LOST** a good mark in heaven.

● You decided not to send a few shillings in answer to the appeal you read about and you lost the prayers of nuns and children or priests and penitents.

YOU'RE not cautious! You are wasting everything you possess on your own comfort in a passing world: you and it will soon part and neither the world nor you will be any the better for your having lived.

★ Whereas, if you are generous, I guarantee you will gain by it.

If the man next door has no bread, take your loaf, in the name of God, and break it in half. You can't leave the man hungry. He is your brother in the family of God.

And you're not going to tell me that God, your Father, will let you go hungry if you help His other children?

★ And even if He did—for His own good ends—why not? The other man was hungry and needed food and, in Christian charity, you could not say it was none of your business, and it is just as important that he should be fed as that you should eat.

MY advice to you is that you should not be over-cautious, in the wrong direction.

Count the golden pennies that will stand to your eternal credit as the profit of generosity to others.

★ They are of far, far more worth than pounds in your Bank balance.

IF you count the cost of charity, whether in time or money, you do not know the value of either. You are wasting your time and your money to no end, unless you are willing to spare some for the less fortunate.

● If you can ignore the voice of the neighbour who asks for help, you are deaf to Christ's own voice.

● Cautious! Sir, or madam, lad or lass, you are wasting your substance. There are times when the gift of your last two shillings or last cigarette may release a deluge of God's rewards as if a slot-machine had burst!



SERIAL STORY



THE HAPPY HEARTS

By
EILY McADAM

CHAPTER VI.

The Story So Far—When Marion Davis comes to Ireland, in the hope of securing as a husband, Aidan Carroll, son of her dead mother's lifelong friend, she is unaware that Aidan is in love with Nance Gray who will not marry because she is the eldest of a motherless family. Eric Weldon, London businessman, comes to see Marion who is trying to sell the London dress-shop her mother left her.

MARION went to the station to see Eric Weldon off, next day. Aidan drove them in his car.

Eric was profuse in his thanks for the hospitality the Carrolls had extended to him. He spoke of the fishing trip they had had, the previous day.

"If I had not booked in Galway, I would be tempted to stay here," he confessed.

"You'll get grand fishing in Galway, I can tell you," Aidan assured him and added impulsively, "Why don't you come back before your holiday is over. I know my father would be delighted to have another day on the lake with you."

"You are too kind," Eric said, "but I don't think I could manage it. However, there will be other holidays. The next time I am in Ireland, I will certainly look you up."

Marion Davis knew why he "couldn't manage it," but she gave no sign. She had come to see her English visitor off, not because she had any kindly feelings towards him but lest he should have any conversation with Aidan and perhaps disclose the reason of his visit, which Marion had kept hidden from the Carrolls. She was inwardly in a fury. There had been a few minutes' conversation between her and Eric that morning and what he said was that, charmed as he was to meet her and grateful as he was to her friends for their generous hospitality, he had to tell her that he had decided not to buy the London business.

"You must know it has gone downhill, presumably since your mother died. I doubt if, in fact, it could be made a success now. But I was inclined to take a chance, if your figure had been reasonable. I want to set a neice up in business. Smart girl with a flair for the dress business—but no, the risk of taking over a place that has gone down through neglect or ill-judgement or whatever it was, is too great. I have only moderate resources."

"It is a pity to be aiming at a business in the West-end of London, in that case," she said icily.

"The remnant of a business, my dear lady," he corrected her. "Well, sorry we couldn't make a deal. I feel a bit of an imposter, having received such kindness."

MARION smiled sweetly. "Don't let that trouble you. The kindness was on my account. You were received as my guest."

"That does not make it any better," he answered curtly, "but I must say I envy you your friends. Are you making a long stay?"

She smiled enigmatically as she gave answer, "Possibly quite a long one."

"Well, I hope you get the business off your hands quickly. It won't improve with keeping."

"Yours is not the only offer," she lied calmly but, in her heart of hearts she was thinking angrily that if Aidan Carroll would come to the point, Eric, or anybody else, could have the business for a song. Until she was sure of Aidan, however, she must go cautiously. The business in London was her only stand-by, and it was maddening to think that she had to keep paying wages to Gladys to keep the place open, while she waited for another offer. She was uneasy, too, lest the Carrolls might begin to wonder at the length of her stay.

The thought recurred to her as she sat in the car that was taking Eric to the station and suddenly she got an idea. She leaned forward and spoke to Aidan.

"Could we have a window open, if you don't mind? I—I feel a bit faint."

He was all concern and stopped the car while he opened windows and fixed a rug behind her head.

"Drop me here," Eric Weldon suggested "and take Miss Davis straight home."

"Would you mind very much? It might be better" Aidan said.

But Marion smiled a sweet martyr smile.

"Not at all Aidan dear, there is no need for that. We will take Mr. Weston to his train first."

Aidan consulted his watch. "Tell you what—we have fifteen minutes to spare. Let's go to McGovern's and I will get you a glass of wine."

"McGovern's?" Eric queried.

"The hotel, just down the street," Aidan answered, "And you'll have one for the road, Mr. Weldon!"

When they pulled up at the hotel, the son of the house himself was on the steps.

"Hallo, Duke!" Aidan greeted him and made introductions between him and Eric rapidly, adding that Miss Davis was feeling ill and would the Duke get a glass of burgundy.

The Duke ushered them into a quiet sitting-room and, agreeing with Aidan's prescription, set off to fill it, plus whiskey-and-soda for the departing

guest and a sherry for Aidan and, at the latter's invitation, whatever he fancied for himself.

SHE noted that Aidan seemed no stranger at the hotel. She decided that he probably dropped in oftener than his parents would approve. Evidently, he was not a teetotaller. But, of course, his mother and father thought he was something in a stained glass window. She could not be expected to know that Aidan Carroll knew the hotel as well as he knew his own house, since he and "the Duke" were schoolboys.

Marion Davis smiled secretly. She was beginning to know the impeccable Aidan quite well, she decided. He was quite human, which, to her, meant not too much on the side of the angels. He could take a drink, though it was only sherry at the moment, and then there was the affair with the shopgirl, Nance Gray—whatever it amounted to.

It was time to go. She bade Eric Weldon a cheerful but languid good-bye at the station, in her role of unselfish sufferer, and Aidan drove her home to the kindly ministrations of his mother, who sent her to bed with all possible comforts and declared that they should have remembered the girl was not over her mother's death yet and perhaps they had been encouraging her to take too much out of herself. She said it in the hearing of Ellie, the housekeeper, who, later, informed the empty kitchen that some people needed little encouragement to enjoy themselves, mother or no mother. Ellie had not dared to utter the sentiment in Mrs. Carroll's presence, but she had her own opinion of the madam from London.

"Afraid she'd miss something" was Ellie's thought and, indeed, when Mrs. Carroll suggested that they might go into the neighbouring town, have lunch and go to a picture, Marion accepted the suggestion, saying she was afraid she was being a trouble to everyone and must try to rouse herself.

BY the time they sat down to an excellent hotel lunch, Marion was in great spirits. This was the life she liked people to look at, food to choose from. She realised how bored she was with Ellie's good plain cooking and the humdrum life of the Carroll household. But she would change all that when she married Aidan.

"I was sorry to be such a bother to Aidan yesterday," Marion said, as they sat over coffee, "But he was very kind."

"You were no bother. He was only sorry you were not feeling well, and he did well to bring you home quick."

... Oh, Marion wondered ... had he suppressed the glass of wine incident?

"I think I should go back to London," she stated, after a silence.

"Because of the business? Is there something wrong? I just thought on account of Mr. Weldon coming—You know I don't want to pry into your affairs, but you're your mother's daughter and we were such friends."

"No. It's not the business but—but—I'm getting too fond of—of Ireland and I will have to go sometime I suppose."

Mrs. Carroll laughed.

"Never cross your bridges till you come to them. We might find a nice boy to fall in love with you and keep you here."

The girl darted a quick glance at her. Was it a hint that she hoped Aidan was interested? Did she perhaps, know he was? The next remark was even more puzzling.

"Aidan must take you to the Races next week."

Marion said in a low voice, putting into it as much feeling as she dared, "I would love to go to the Races with him—But would it not take him away during business hours?"

SHE added the question to even up the emotional quality of her remark, in case it had been too noticeable.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," Mrs. Carroll said, "The day of the races is a great day hereabouts. He won't be the only one having a day's enjoyment. You'll meet plenty of nice young men, I'll promise you."

In a do-or-die spirit, Marion answered that she didn't think she would meet anyone nicer than Aidan.

The result disappointed her. Mrs. Carroll's reply cast no light on what she was thinking.

"Even though he is my son," she said, "I don't think there's many nicer."

She began to gather up her things. "We'd better go, Marion, or we'll be late for the pictures," she said.

"Are you sure you want to go?" Marion enquired solicitously. "Perhaps you are only going on my account."

"I enjoy a picture as well as the next, if it's not too foolish. I don't often go, indeed, but it's a bit of a change."

The film proved to be a sophisticated love-story, with an eternal triangle as the main ingredient, the plot was poor and the censor had obviously made many cuts in it, so it was disjointed.

"Awful isn't it?" Mrs. Carroll remarked and was startled when Marion placidly replied that the censor had ruined it.

"It's a shame the way they cut films, isn't it?" she observed, "I believe they're worse here than in England, of course. After all, it's life, isn't it?"

"Not our life, thanks be to God," the elder woman remarked curtly, "And whatever it is, it's no sort of teaching to put before young boys and girls that have their souls to save."

Marion had realised her mistake. "The world is a wicked place," she sighed.

"Look I'm going, I couldn't look at it any longer," Mrs. Carroll declared a little later.

"And," added Mrs. Carroll, "I'm going to have a word with Fred Coughlan. He's the manager."

She did. She told him roundly that if he couldn't get decent films he should shut up shop.

The sermon was lost on him, because, over Mrs. Carroll's shoulder, he caught a glimpse of the demure face of Marion Davis and an amused glance passed between them.

Mrs. Carroll was convinced that Marion was not the girl she wanted for Aidan. Maybe he'd wait half a lifetime for Nance Gray—if he was in love with her—but of that she wasn't sure.

"But isn't a good girl worth waiting for," she thought.

(To be continued)

National Film Institute Ratings

cinema guide

G.A. Suitable for General Audiences

A.A. Suitable for Adult Audiences

O.P. Objectionable in part

O. Objectionable

AUNTIE MAME: The amoral aspects of the stage version appear as merely "the damned eccentricities" of which Auntie Mame was noted. A series of lively, sometimes outrageous and occasionally crude, stage turns, but even with the straight-laced, the innate goodness of heart of Mame will not go unnoticed. (A.A.)

AWFUL TRUTH, THE: Comedy re-issue with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne. A married couple in the divorce courts before true love brings about a re-union. Light-hearted approach to marital fidelity. (A.A.)

BADLANDERS, THE: Outdoor melodrama with everything but a clearly defined plot. A curiously amoral film which is barely acceptable. (G.A.)

BIG COUNTRY, THE: Above-average Western starring Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston, Charles Bickford and Burl Ives, who won his Oscar for this role. Excellent photography and good acting. (G.A.)

BLACK ORCHID, THE: Quite an appealing story of domestic life on the adult romantic level, acted convincingly and smoothly. (G.A.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF: The family of a rich, cancer-ridden, plantation owner are scheming to grab the inheritance when he dies. Hardly a noble sentiment is expressed in this colourful and vigorous presentation of human greed and sensuality. Well produced and acted. (A.A.)

DECISION: Indians on the warpath. Reasonable entertainment. (G.A.)

DECKS RAN RED, THE: Modern mutiny on the high seas. Suspense good, but acting negligible. (G.A.)

GEISHA BOY, THE: Jerry Lewis' wit is of the low-browed type and swings crazily between two poles—sex and silliness. This film could be harmful to adolescents. (A.A.)

GIRL ON THE RUN: Routine crime thriller with many thrills. (G.A.)

HIGH COST OF LOVING: A smooth and happily domestic little comedy-of-errors. Occasionally, too frank. (A.A.)

HOME IS THE HERO: Very fine screen version of Walter Macken's play. (G.A.)

IT HAPPENED TO JANE: Doris Day and Jack Lemmon are the likeable stars of this lightly amusing and healthy film. (G.A.)

I WANT TO LIVE: All the details of the gas chamber are shown in this plea for the abolition of the death penalty. Brilliant acting in a sombre setting. (A.A.)

LADY IS A SQUARE, THE: Argues that serious and "pop" music can be successfully mixed. Harmless light entertainment. (G.A.)

LAST BLITZKRIEG, THE: Reasonably exciting war film. (A.A.)

NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE: Re-issue of the colourful de Mille adventure. Plenty of action and glorious scenery. (G.A.)

NOWHERE TO GO: Excellent crime thriller. (G.A.)

PUBLIC ENEMY No. 1: Fernandel unwittingly involved in American gangsterdom. Badly directed, scripted and edited. (G.A.)

RACE STREET: Re-issue of a melodramatic, but credible, crime thriller. (G.A.)

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG BOYS: If taken seriously, this could be regarded as crude and of very low moral tone. Only poor production saves it from severe criticism. (A.A.)

SCAMPOLO: Old plot of the poor girl falling in love with a socially superior boy. Harmless. (G.A.)

SEPARATE TABLES: In black and white and devoid of the sentimental atmosphere of the theme song, this compilation of human drama, intrigue and abasement provides good adult entertainment in a serious vein. (A.A.)

STORY OF MANKIND, THE: The star-studded cast breaks the boredom of an economically made film which is quite unworthy of its title. (G.A.)

TOM THUMB: The dancing sequences are the highlights of an extremely clever and enchanting real-life and cartoon musical. (G.A.)

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON: The decline and fall, through drink and marital difficulties, of Diana and her famed actor-father, John Barrymore. A gloomy piece and poor. (A.A.)

VALLEY OF DEATH, THE: Adventures of an American tank crew surrounded by the enemy during the Korean War. (A.A.)



FOR CHRIST

OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES

THE PREFECTURE OF BECHUANALAND

BY THE MISSION EDITOR

ON 28th April, the Feast of Saint Paul of the Cross, the good news—long awaited—came through, that the Protectorate of Bechuanaland had been honoured by the Holy Father with a new dignity. It had been made an independent ecclesiastical jurisdiction, with the style and title of the Prefecture Apostolic of Bechuanaland and officially consigned to the care of the Passionists of the Province of St. Patrick (which embraces Ireland and Scotland). The honour of being its first Prefect Apostolic has been conferred upon Father Urban Murphy, C.P. who at present is the Superior of Our Lady of the Desert Mission in Francistown. He was one of the original band of four Passionist Fathers and four Passionist Sisters that set sail for Africa in January, 1952. His seven years' missionary apprenticeship has been spent at Francistown, where with Father Killian he has progressed from a prefabricated two-room shack to a fully-fledged Mission Station, which includes a splendid church, an impressive six grade school as well as a solid presbytery and Sisters' convent.

IT may be of interest to recall briefly the procedure which is followed in the establishment of the Church in pagan lands. First the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith decides that a certain district or certain portions of adjoining districts needs developing. She then offers the assignment to some Missionary body, which immediately sends out some missionaries to work under the missionaries already there. For some years these explore the possibilities at first hand, familiarise themselves with the particular conditions and problems, while at the same time assuming a greater control in the running and establishment of individual missions—always of course

under the direction of the Bishops already there.

Eventually there comes the day when the Sacred Congregation, pleased with the progress made, declares the boundaries of a new Mission Territory, names it a Prefecture, appoints a Prefect and hands it over to the chosen missionary body as a new and independent ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Later, as numbers increase and missions grow she will promote it to a Vicariate with its own Bishop—Vicar Apostolic—and finally make it a Diocese with its own resident episcopal see.

SO, in Bechuanaland with the establishment of the Prefecture the first stage of major development has been reached. After seven years of unwearying labour the Holy See has placed the first crown upon the work of the Passionist Fathers and Sisters. Bechuanaland is now their own and its future lies in their own willing hands and in the powerful hands of God.

Bechuanaland might easily be regarded as the Cinderella of African Missions so unfortunate has been its development over the last eighty years.

EXACTLY that period of time has elapsed since eleven Jesuits—six Fathers and five Brothers—left Grahamstown, in the Union of South Africa, on 16th April, 1879 to reach the Zambesi River in Rhodesia. In the party were four Belgians, three Germans, two English and two Italians. Father Depelchin was the Superior and the other Fathers were Croonenberghs, Fuchs, Blanca, Terorde and Law. The names of the Brothers were De Sadeleer, Hedley, De Vylder, Nigg, Paravicini.

It was the first Catholic Missionary Expedition into central Africa and entailed a journey through Bechuanaland. Indeed they had set Shushong as the limit

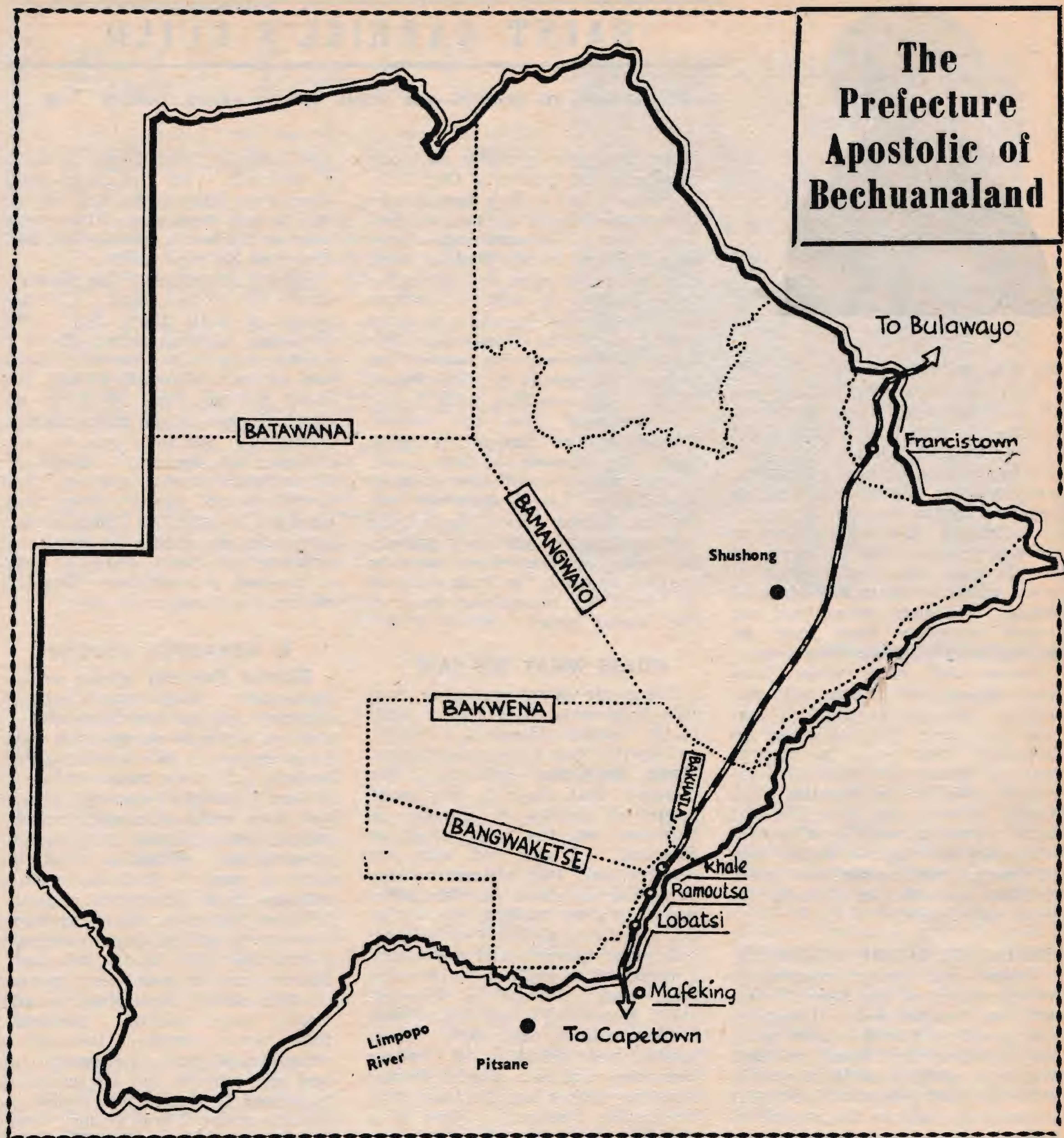
of the first leg of their journey (*see map*), where they hoped to establish a missionary base and supply centre. In this they failed.

They crossed the Limpopo River into Bechuanaland, probably near Pitsane (*see map*) on 17th July and there under "a huge, hard, black-timbered cabbage tree" was celebrated the first Mass ever, in what is now the Prefecture Apostolic of Bechuanaland. After Mass one of the Brothers in the party climbed the tree and just below the top, cut a cross three or four feet high, under which he carved the motto 'In hoc signo vinces'—'In this sign thou shalt conquer.' After eighty years his motto is vindicated.

UNLIKE today's Passionist Missionaries, those first Jesuits arrived in Bechuanaland in four covered waggons, each drawn by fourteen oxen. The waggons had been named Ignatius, Xavier, Claver and Britto and were kept on the move for eleven hours a day—from 4 p.m. until 9 p.m. and from 3 a.m. until 9 a.m.—thus taking advantage of the coolest periods. Disappointed at Shushong they eventually settled down in Tati (*see map*), where two of their number are buried in coffins made from packing cases under a stone cross hewn by one of the Brothers.

THE missionary foothold at Tati had to be relinquished after some time and the ensuing eighty years saw various missionary bodies try and fail to achieve any permanent success in Bechuanaland. In 1886 three Irish Holy Ghost Fathers—Fogarty, McCabe and Nolan—tried for two heartbreaking years but had to yield before insuperable difficulty. Then in 1891 the Sacred Congregation attached the northern portion to Bulawayo and the southern portion to Kimberley. In time the western region came to be affiliated to Windhoek.

The Prefecture Apostolic of Bechuanaland



Thus things remained, until the Oblates of the German Province took over Mission Work in Kimberley in 1925. In 1928 they purchased a farm at Khale where they set up a school, which has since become the most successful secondary school in the Protectorate. A Mission centre was opened in Lobatsi in 1929 and then another in Ramoutsa in 1934.

THE Passionists arrived in 1952. Since then God has blessed their labours and the people at home

have sustained them by their prayers and generous contributions. There are now five flourishing Mission centres with at least two others waiting to be opened up. A little more money and a few more Missionaries are all that is needed.

The number of Catholics has risen from 1,533 to 4,601; schools have doubled from 4 to 8; Baptisms in a year have gone from 151 to 508, Marriages from 5 to 40. Yearly Communions have multiplied from 21,000 to 49,000. The number of school children then

564 is now 1,284. The original band of 8 Passionist Missionaries—4 Fathers and 4 Sisters has increased to 26—10 Fathers, 15 Sisters, and 1 Brother.

We record these figures in humble thanks to God; and for the encouragement of our Missionaries and the thousands of Passionist Mission Helpers everywhere who under God have made such advance possible. In those same hands we leave the future of the Passionist Prefecture Apostolic of Bechuanaland.



SAINT GABRIEL'S GUILD

◆ LETTERS TO FRANCIS—THE CROSS, MOUNT ARGUS, DUBLIN. ◆

My dear Gabriels,

It is indeed pleasant to have you all, so bright and happy, gathering together in the den of the Guild for our monthly chat. How good it is to share in the lovely freshness and fragrance of pure young minds unsullied by the sins and roughness of the world. Our Gabriels are to all appearances true followers of our Patron who was "clean of mind, clean of heart and clean of tongue." Francis prays that our young members may ever be worthy of the name they bear—Gabriels—and that when they leave school and mingle with the worldly crowds—passing to and fro—that they will endeavour to safeguard their souls by attendance at Mass, devotion to Confession, Holy Communion, the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Lady. It was through such faithful adherence to religious duties that St. Gabriel kept his soul so shining, stainless, and chaste, a shrine for Jesus and Mary.

BRILLIANT YOUNG STUDENTS

There are many beautifully written stories of the Sacred Heart lying on Francis' desk. If some of our grown-up friends could get a peep at them they would be filled with true admiration for the work of the brilliant young students that are such a credit to the schools of Ireland. It is not an easy task to pick out the prize-winners in such a splendid galaxy. All prizes in our Guild are awarded on merit alone. Francis, on the advice of Editors, has made a rule to be absolutely impartial in the selection of prize-winners.

Some of the stories sent in fill several pages, others are short. Francis is sorry—no space to publish them.

LITTLE CHILDREN OF AFRICA

It rejoices us to see the warm glow of loyalty to the Sacred

Heart in the writings of our members. St. Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows had a deep devotion to the wounded Heart of Our Crucified Lord Jesus. The sufferings of the Sacred Heart in the Passion were ever before his eyes, and it was by understanding the pain that pierced that Heart that he came to have such a wonderful devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows. In one of his prayers, he speaks of "the Heart of the Son wounded with love." He sorrowed over the Sacred Passion of Our Saviour in union with His Blessed Mother. St. Gabriel was ever with her in spirit on Calvary. Let us show our love for the Sacred Heart by helping our missionaries with our prayers and alms so that they may be enabled to teach the little children of Africa the marvellous story of the Sacred Heart.

GUESS WHAT WE SAW?

There are many essays on Seaside Memories. Our little friends in St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, write with their usual cheerfulness. **Mavis Hodgkinson** tells us "One memory that stays in my mind happened during a holiday in Skegness on the east coast of England. I was out with my parents and two sisters walking along the sea shore one late afternoon. As we walked, my sisters and myself ran ahead of our parents collecting seaweed and sea shells. I happened to walk on to an extra large rock, covered in seaweed, and I discovered a ten shilling note hidden behind this rock, I, of course, was delighted at finding the money and such a lot. I showed it to my father and he took it to the Police Station. Here in a week's time it was claimed by an old man." And Mavis had the happiness that God sends to the honest finder. "Honesty is the best policy," says an old proverb and it is true. Francis cannot quote from all essays. **Angela Ive** writes rapturously of a holiday in Guernsey. "Shell Beach was one of the prettiest coves in the district," she says. "It had rocks and caves and golden sand which was covered with teeny weeny shells. It was not a nice bay for swimming, but it was very beautiful to look at. We collected some shells

and brought them home to make a necklace. In the rock pools there were baby crabs and fish as well as sea anemones. These were very pretty but it was just too bad if a crab bit your toe."

Angela continues: "One memory sticks out in my mind. It happened at Petit Point Bay. We were sun bathing when all of a sudden, somebody shouted: 'Look out to sea.' We all looked but could not see very much so we climbed some of the rocks nearby. Somebody pointed out to sea. Guess what we saw? Dolphins. They looked very pretty as they dived up and down. Soon they were out of sight, but I shall always remember my first glimpse of real dolphins." Isn't that a most interesting extract from Angela's really good essay?

A DREADFUL FRIGHT

Eleanor Fennessy speaks of her memories: "Last year I went to Tramore on an excursion and it was one of the most enjoyable days I ever spent. . . . We were delighted looking out of the train window at Nature's beautiful scenery. It was not long until the eager white-capped waves seemed to be rushing towards us. What a wonderful sight it was!" Here is another extract from Eleanor's account. "I also remember one year when I was very small giving my parents a dreadful fright by the sea. Ann, Michael and myself were playing on the strand and Mammy and Daddy were reading. Suddenly there was a shout—I had got a sting of a jellyfish. I began to cry and my parents ran to see what happened to me. I was unable to explain where I was stung. Soon I had quite a big audience around me. After being asked several times what happened, I managed to say that a Whale took a bite out of my leg. Mammy looked and soon discovered that it was only the sting of a jellyfish. That is a memory that always makes me laugh when I think of it." It will bring a merry smile to some of our readers too, Eleanor. They will join in your own bright humour.

Francis is very pleased with all the essays from Our Lady of the Angels' School, Clonmel. **Catherine Carroll** says she enjoys doing the

Prefect Portrait

I am prepared to wager that more than one of my faithful Readers has read the two words in the heading above and has mistakenly taken the first word as PERFECT. It is not. Look again.

The word of course is Prefect; and the portrait in our panel this month is that of the New Prefect Apostolic of Bechuanaland, The Right Reverend Monsignor Urban Murphy, C.P., talking to one of his leading parishioners. The portrait was taken at the railway station near his Mission of Our Lady of the Desert, Francistown. It is not perfect, so I'll try to improve it.

Not so long ago he was going to the Christian Brothers' School in Synge Street, Dublin and the other lads knew him as Cormac Murphy and he read the Cross (I know, because his mother has got it every month for years) and served Mass and played footer and did exams and became a Priest and now he is Prefect. Maybe it was reading the Cross that made him think of being a Passionist.

June is Exam Time. For many Boys and Girls it is Deciding Time. The Holy Spirit prompts and a vocation is grasped forever. Surely there are some boys and girls reading these lines now, who in the future will find themselves like Monsignor Urban—a Passionist Missionary. He is in great need of Missionaries — Passionist Fathers, Brothers and Sisters — who by preaching, teaching and nursing will help to bring a perfect portrait of Jesus Crucified to the People of Bechuanaland.

God love you all. Happy Holiday!

MISSION EDITOR.



essays every month. That shows they are clever children. They all like writing in Clonmel. When they fail to win they try again. Francis wishes for a sack of prizes for such great spirited writers. Ann Williams speaks of her joy in doing the competitions in THE CROSS. Kathleen Tobin writes, "We have a new black cat. He strayed into us about a week ago. We are calling him Billy. Every morning he is crying at the back door to come in. He sits in front of the fire nearly all day." Isn't he a lazy pussy? He should be mousing.

A SCHOOL EXCURSION

"I can hardly wait for the time to come," says Rosemarie Sumner. "A bus-full of girls from our school (Clonmel), fifty-six of us, are going on a tour of Dublin. We expect to go to the Zoo, the Airport, Independent House, the Spring Show, the Botanic Gardens and maybe Baldoyle Strand. The most exciting part of this journey will be our stop at Mount Argus. Sister says we will most probably be seeing you." How thrilling to get a peep at Clonmel's little Angels. Marie Hannon chirps, "We will be leaving Clonmel at seven o'clock in the morning." Francis could never get so much

into a day sightseeing. Marie says also, "My brother is going too with his school—St. Mary's Christian Brothers. He will be so excited that he might not go to bed at all the night before in case he would sleep it out." Dublin has a magical allure."

"I am writing this letter to thank you for the beautiful book which I received some time ago," writes Peg O'Shea. "I didn't think my ould composition would ever get a prize." Peg well deserved it. She has the true humility that brings one to the top of the world. Write often, Peg. Maureen McEvoy, another of the bright Lanesboro School pupils, writes: "Some of the girls do the compositions each month. Two have got prizes lately. We all pray for the Missions and the priests and nuns in foreign lands. Every one remembers you in prayers. The girls who pray for you are Peg O'Shea, Patricia Mullooly, Mary McPhillips, Nuala and Miriam Lynch, Aine and Frances Ward, Ann Rowan, Carmel Gormerly, Patricia Reilly, Ann Casey, Kathleen McKeown, Phil Doyle, Nancy Muldoon, Kathleen Skelly, Louise Maguire, Aileen Curry, Rose Cunningham, and Mary Sheridan. Francis is most grateful, deeply touched by such goodness. Francis prayed at Mass

for them and will remember them all throughout the month. Francis is aware of their wonderful help.

The following are highly commended: Mary Sheridan, Maureen McEvoy, Brigid Cashell, Eileen McGrath, Madge Gleeson, Winnie Moffat, Brenda O'Connor, Rosemarie Sumner, Mavis Hodgkinson, Maire Aghas, Mary F. Burke, Pauline Whitehouse, Lily Byrne, Eleanor Fennessy, Patricia Hackett, Diane Gould, Veronica Killeen, Janice Henderson, Peggy Hanrahan, Bernardine Cleary, Nora Pollard, Noreen O'Mahony, Therese Scrithare, Marie Hannon, Agnes Neligan, Maureen Cantwell, Pauline Fahy, Maree Butler, Catherine Carroll, Ann Williams, Kathleen Tobin.

COMPETITION

(14-18)

ESSAY: SOME FEASTS OF JULY

(Under 14)

LETTER: A HOLIDAY INVITATION

Francis awards prizes this month to:

EILEEN McGRATH, Convent of Mercy, Ballymahon, Co. Longford.

ANGELA IVE, St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, England.

BREDA BROSNAN, Presentation Convent, Dingle, Co. Kerry.

BOOK-REVIEWS

A SMALL LITURGICAL DICTIONARY. By Giacomo Cardinal Lercaro. London: Burns & Oates, Ltd., 28 Ashley Place. pp. 248. 18/-.

"Liturgy," writes Father J. B. O'Connell in his Foreword to the present work, "as a science, is not a simple thing; in the course of time it has naturally developed and become somewhat complicated. It necessarily makes use of a number of technical terms, unfamiliar to the layman, and needing clear and accurate definition and explanation." The eminent Archbishop of Bologna has provided just such 'definitions and explanations.' This Dictionary is obviously not a volume to be read from cover to cover. But what dictionary is? In these days of greater lay participation in the liturgy, one can hardly think of a better companion for the layman who really desires to understand what he reads about the nature and history of our liturgical worship. Strongly recommended as a dictionary—not as a bedside book.

RELIGIOUS OF THE ANCIENT EAST. London: Burns & Oates. pp. 164. 7/6d.

This work has at least one thing in common with the Bible: it is rather a collection of books than a single volume. It is co-authored by three distinguished scholars: Etienne Drioton, Georges Contenau and Jacques Duchesne-Guillemin. There are three main divisions: Part One (Egyptian Religion), Part Two (The Ancient Religions of Western Asia) and Part Three (Iranian Religion). One can easily foresee that this volume of the now famous *Faith and Fact* Series will not be sold out over-night! However, those whose taste runs to the study of comparative religions will find the present work satisfying. It bears the Westminster *Imprimatur*.

THE MIND AND MAXIMS OF MARY WARD.

Burns & Oates. pp. 64. 2/-.

This excellent booklet opens up with a short biography of Mary Ward. And what an amazing life was hers. One is reminded, at several points, of the Australian, Mother Mary McKillop. Misunderstandings, condemnations—both women had more than their share of them. But the sixteenth century foundress of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary had perhaps the more chequered career. The sober 'Maxims' come from the heart of a woman full of the love of God and zeal for souls. Altogether a valuable booklet for active religious.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF POPE PIUS XII.

By Kenneth MacGowan. 'Caritas' Publications, Celbridge, Co. Kildare. pp. 24. 6d.

An illustrated booklet giving the career of one of the greatest Pontiffs of our era. The main facts have already been well publicised, but they are assembled here in convenient and readable form. The pamphlet is available in quantity at reduced prices. Single copy (including postage): 9d.

BITS out of LIFE

Vatican City

Pope John XXIII has given his blessing on a project to film the life of Pope Pius XII. Dan Merrin, an independent producer from California, has undertaken the work for colour made for wide screen viewing.

* * *

Germany

The Catholic Action organization of the Mainz, Germany, in co-operation with a Lutheran Church committee, has set up a telephone religious information service in Mainz.

* * *

Mexico

Frogmen placed a statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe at the bottom of Acapulco Bay, Mexico, and proclaimed her Queen of the Sea.

The project was under way for two years. The statue and pedestal measure 10 feet. Thousands of people witnessed the colourful ceremony. At midnight, members of the Club of Divers and Lifeguards of Acapulco lit torches on the steep coast of La Quebrada where they do sea diving for tourists. Then a large cortege carried the statue to the place of immersion.

* * *

U.S. A.

Father Hunnunkal, S.J., ordained at the Jesuit seminary at West Baden Springs, U.S.A., recently, is the ninth member of his family to become a priest or enter religion.

He is one of thirteen children. Three of his sisters are nuns, whilst all five of his brothers are religious, two Jesuits, one priest, one brother; one a Carmelite priest, another a Capuchin priest and another a diocesan priest.

Both the parents are dead.

* * *

U.S. A.

Father Thomas Mary Yuenm, a native of China, was ordained in America by his uncle, Bishop Joseph Yuen, exiled Bishop of Chumatien, Honan, China.

* * *

Hong Kong

Eight seminarians who fled from Communist China were ordained priests in Hong Kong. They have been assigned to Malaya, Sarawak, Formosa and Hong Kong.

* * *

Rome

The Sacred College of the Council has opened a library on religious culture in Rome. It contains a collection of catechisms and catechetical works from various parts of the world, and is open to everyone.

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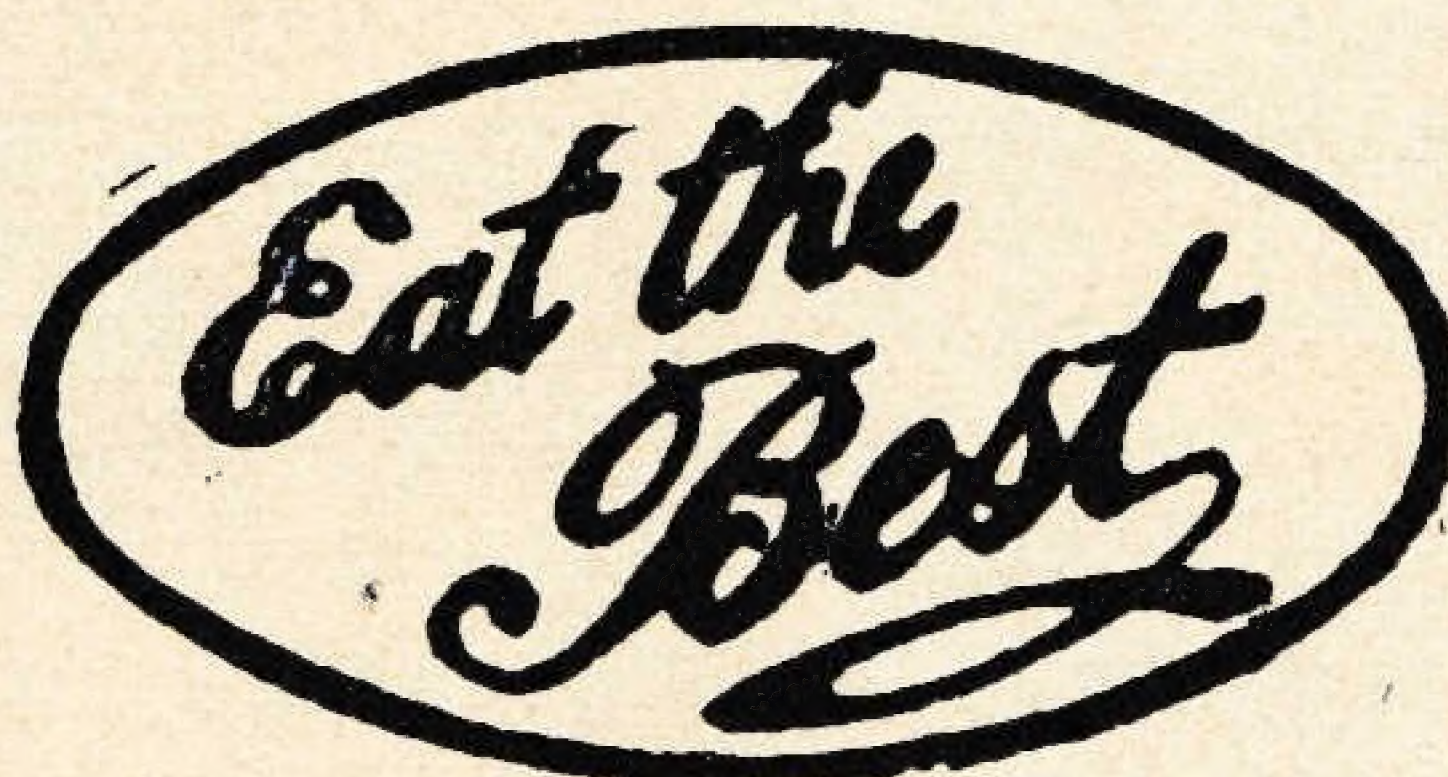
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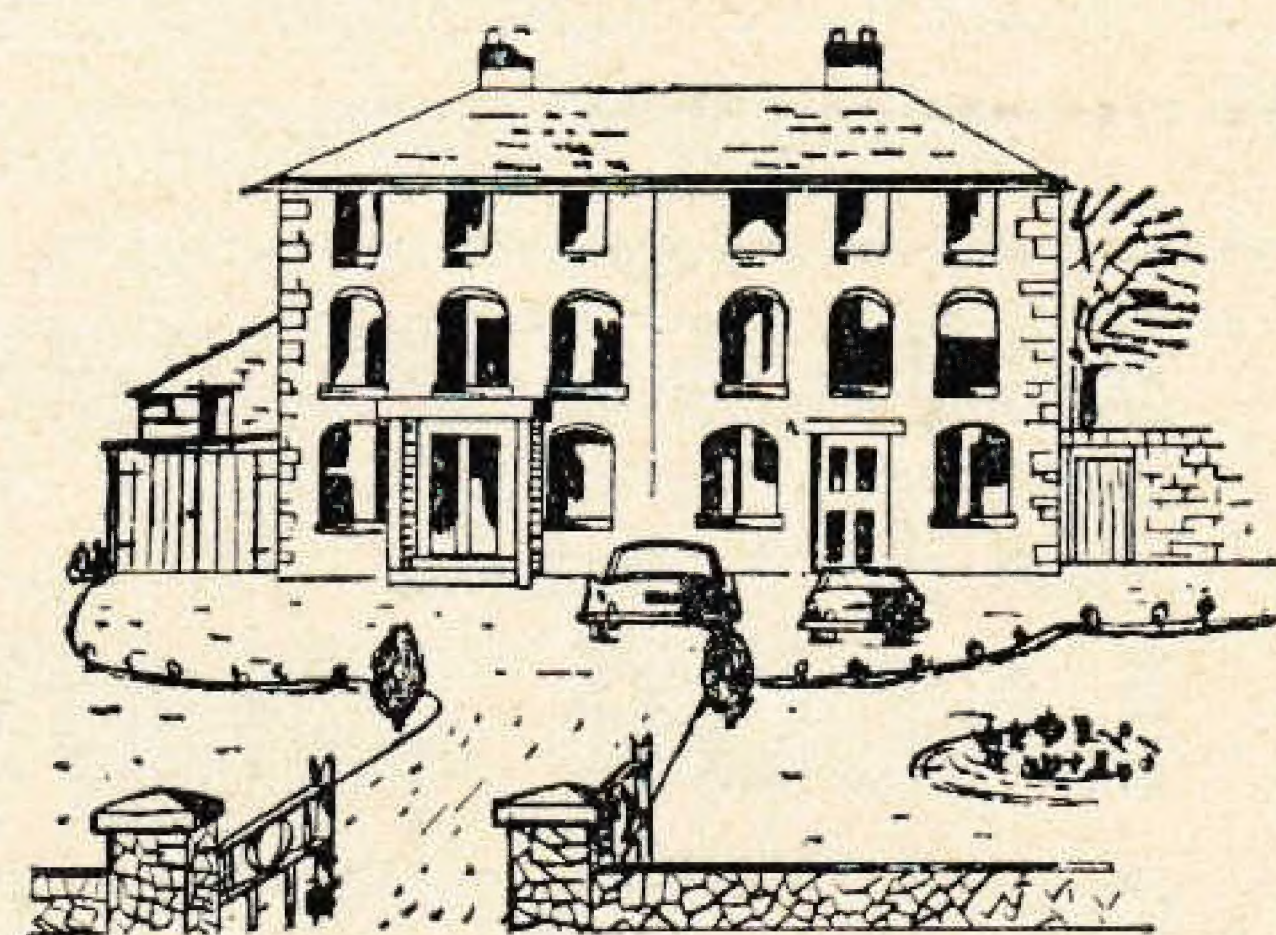
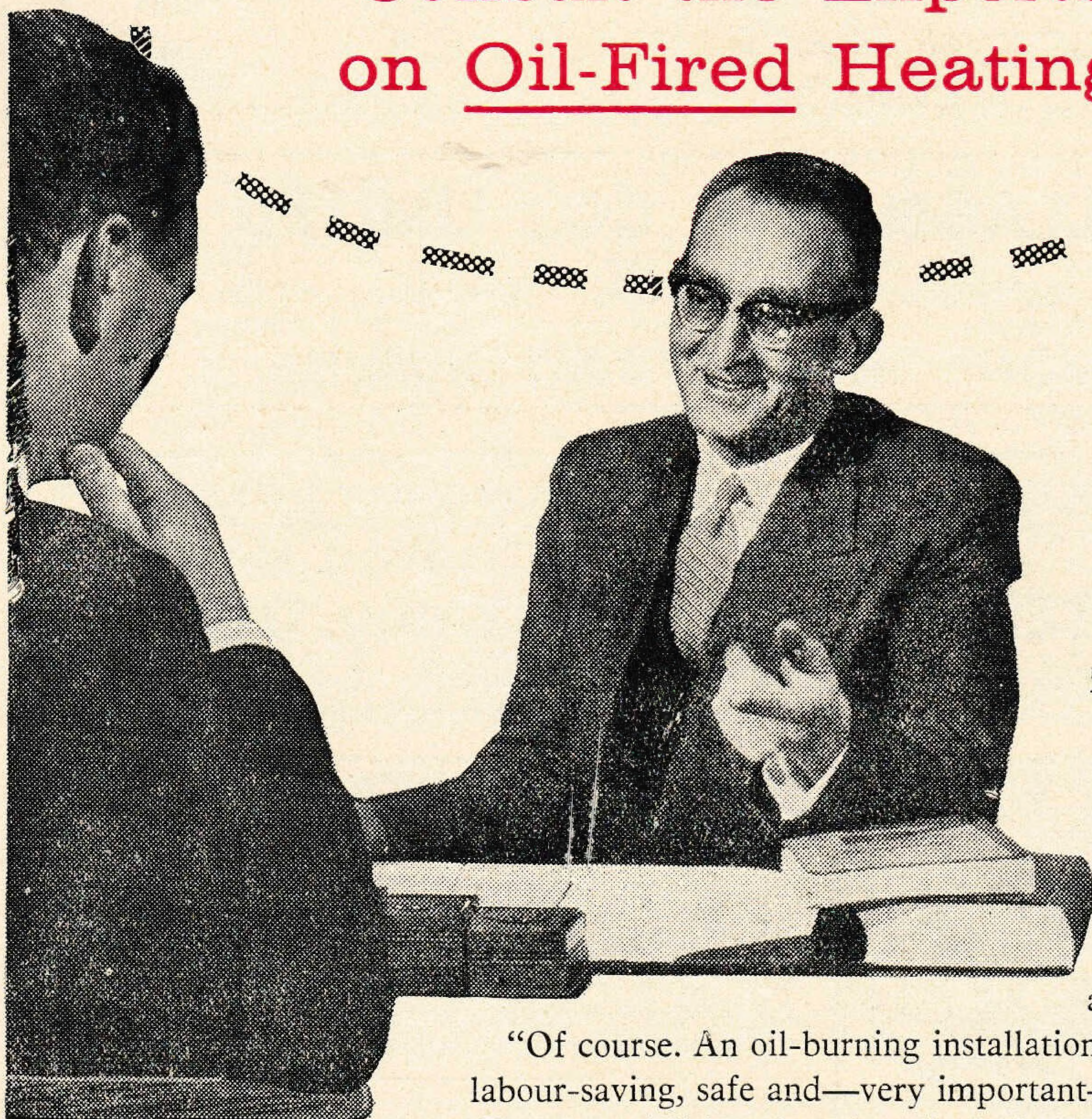
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